

MONKEYS GO WILD

JUNE/25c

THEIR SECRET RAVE-UP PARTY WITH THE
RAIDERS

16
MAGAZINE

DAVY

SPEND 3 MONTHS WITH HIM

MICKY

TALK TO HIM ON THE PHONE & VISIT HIS HOME

PETER

HIS "OTHER" LIFE

MIKE

THE MYSTERIOUS MONKEE

MARK

& HIS TIME MACHINE

8 MONKEE ★ RAIDERS
HERMAN ★ DD&B

CRUNCHY COLOR PIN-UPS

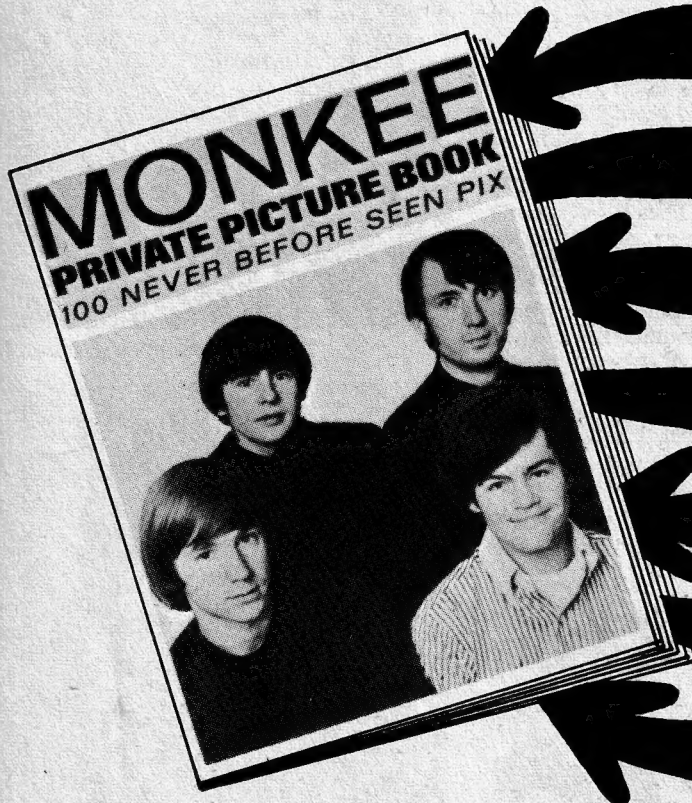
**MONKEES &
BEATLES MEET**
SCOOP PIX & RAP-UP!





Anthony Corve
David Jones

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JUNE 1967

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TRIPPIN' OUT

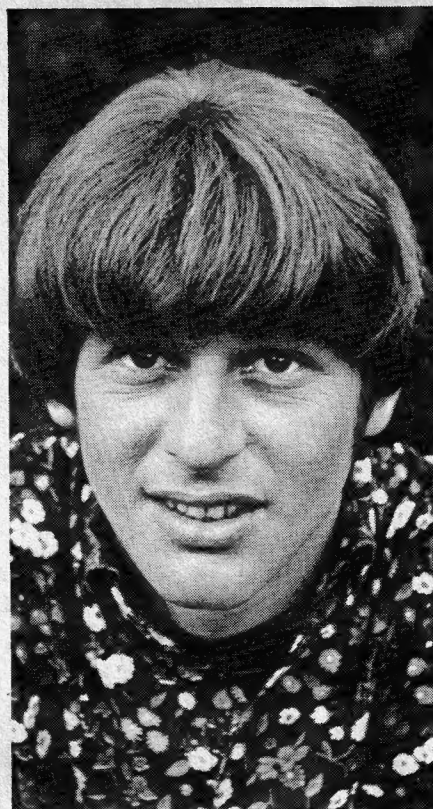
WITH GUEST GURU "BEAUTIFUL" BILL RICHARDSON OF THE HARD TIMES!

HELLO THERE! It's me, **Bill Richardson** — and I'm the *lover* of the group. I dig soft music, candlelight, chicks with long hair and *anything* romantic. I'm lazy, I hate to work and I'd spend all my time at the beach if I could. I also love getting your letters so, if you have time to write to me or any of the other guys, write to us in care of World Pacific Records, 6920 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90028. Tell us you're a *16er* and you'll get an answer *pronto*. Now, let's move along and see what's shakin' with all the other cats on the scene.

Dick Clark got a surprise twist when he started to present the **Raiders** with their gold LP (for *Just Like Us*). The riotous **Raiders** snatched the record away from **Sir Richard** and then turned around and presented it to *him!* . . . Hip-hip-hooray! **Donovan** is on the way to the States for a visit. Hope he stays a long, long time . . . **Davy Jones** is taking piano lessons in his spare (?) time. Dig the groovy shot *16's* **Gloria Stavers** snapped of **Davy** with **David Pearl**, just as they left for their Bahamas' vacation. By the

way, at this writing the **Monkees** have not settled on a movie script. Hope they do in time for a summer release. A friend of **Davy Jones**, **Stuart Getz** (he was one of "Fagins' gang" in *Oliver!*) is getting the starring role in *Flipper* next season. More on him later . . . Speaking of next season's TV, **John Provost** will star in the new NBC series, *Maya*.

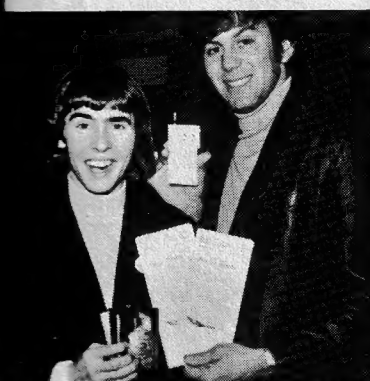
Kurt Russell has been signed by Disney Productions to co-star in *The One and Only Genuine Original Family Band* . . . **Mitch Ryder** no longer travels with the **Detroit Wheels**. He now has his own ten-piece orchestra. His act is called *The Mitch Ryder Show*. They'll be touring the West Coast in June, so watch for them. Meanwhile, you can write to **Mitch** at 200 West 57th Street, Suite 306, New York City . . . Watch out for a cool new duo called the **Boomer Boys**. They are sponsored by the **Monkees** and will be on the Colgems label . . . Oh, yeah — before I sign off — **Davy Jones** is starting is very own record label. It's called, surprisingly enough, **Davy Jones Records**. We'll tell you more about *that* later too. Bye for now.



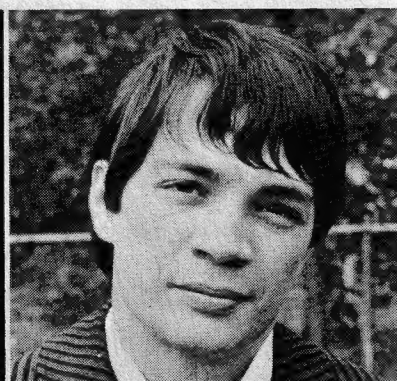
Dick gets twisted.



Donovan



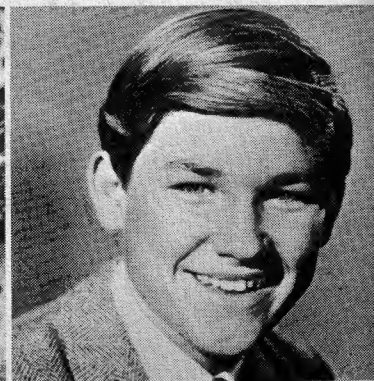
Davy & David



Mitch



The Boomer Boys



Kurt

16

**TOP FAVORITE
OF OVER
FIVE MILLION
TEENERS!**

VOL. 9

MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1967

No. 1

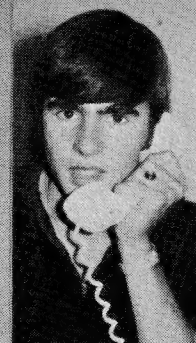
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'MONKEES & ME

BY
DAVID PEARL

Flash — Special 16 Exclusive Scoop!
Monkees Meet The Raiders — For One Of The
Most Super-Swinging, Outasite "Sessions" Ever Recorded!

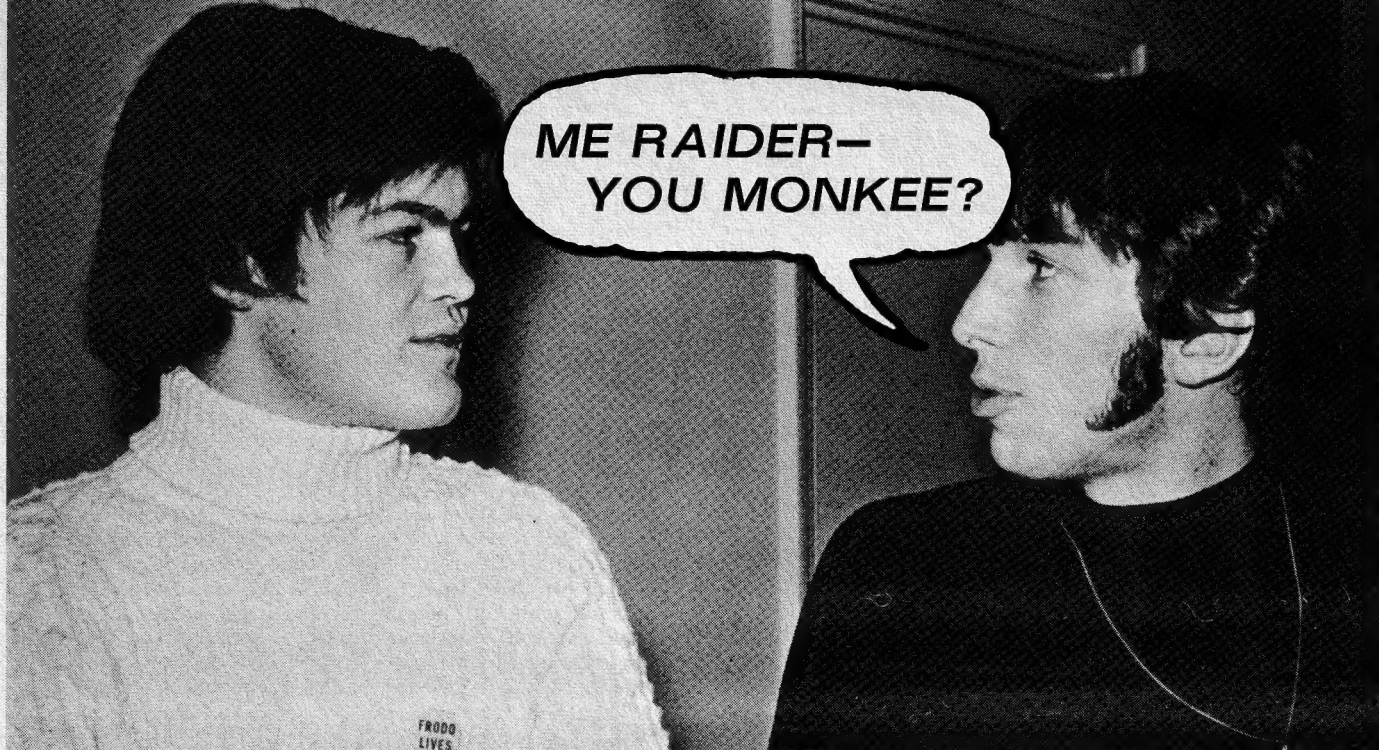
IT ALL STARTED at about 4 o'clock on a swingin' Saturday afternoon in Gloria Stavers' 16 Magazine office, slam-bang in the center of New York City. The first phone call was from Harpo, telling Gloria that the Raiders had hit town for a few days (they had come in to tape CBS-TV's *Coliseum* show), and that the Raiders were reporting in to find out, "What's happenin'?"

"Can't tell you right now," Gloria replied enigmatically.

"Come on over to the office — and tell the other guys to let you know where they'll be later."

Shortly after Gloria hung up, she got another phone call. It was Micky Dolenz — who was staying at a hotel a block away from 16's office — who also wanted to know, "What's happenin'?"

Gloria assured Micky that *lots* was "happenin'" — and that she'd be around soon with a surprise for him. And that, dear



Scoop! Famous first words at Monkee-Raider summit meeting!

16-ers, was the beginning of one of the wildest, swingiest top-star summit meetings in the history of young show-biz!

THE BIG GET-TOGETHER

The first Raider and Monkee to meet were Harpo and Micky Dolenz. On hand for the occasion were myself, Chip Douglas (A & R man and member of the Turtles), and Ric Klein. Micky and Harpo hit it off immediately; in fact, we all dug happy Raider Harpo on sight. It was just as though we all had known each other for a long time. Harpo was wearing an olive green tweed jacket with epaulets and big brass buttons, a black turtle-neck sweater and dark slacks. Micky had on a thick, white turtleneck sweater, rust corduroy bell bottoms and a button saying "Frodo Lives".

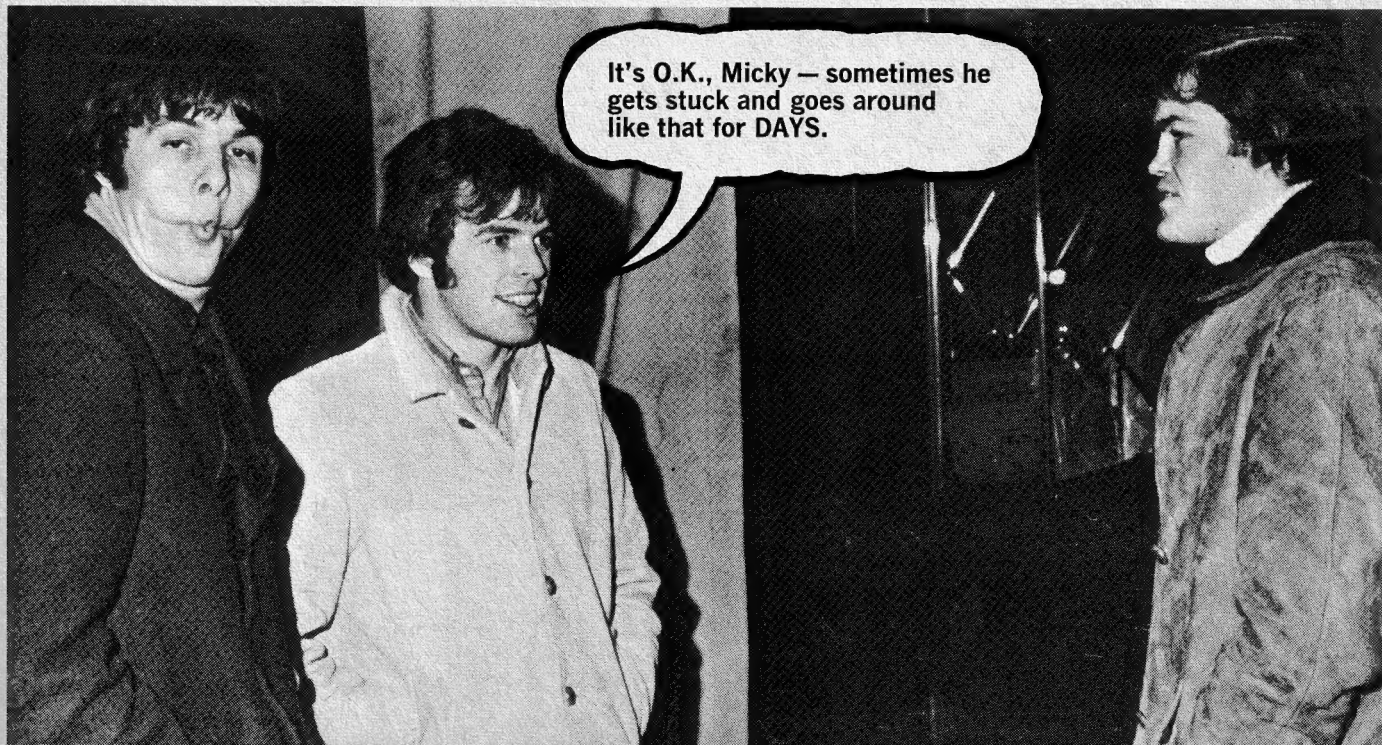
You'll have to read Tolkien's *Ring Trilogy* to find out about Frodo. (Tolkien's *Ring Trilogy*, incidentally, happens to be

some of Micky's favorite reading.)

At the time of the first Monkee-Raider meeting, Davy Jones was on 24th Street in the RCA Victor Studios working on a single record. Suddenly, as if by telepathy, the phone rang in Micky's suite and it was Davy, asking Gloria the same old question — "What's happenin'?" Gloria told Davy who was at the hotel and he got on the phone with me and made plans to meet us when he was through cutting. Then Harpo got on the phone and tracked down Fang and Smitty (it seems that Uncle Paul was sound asleep and that "Madman Marcus" was out somewhere buying boots for the Raiders to wear on their *Coliseum* show). Anyway, we made plans to meet Fang and Smitty in Greenwich Village. I called Mike and Phyllis Nesmith, who were staying at the Plaza Hotel, but they were both wiped out by a hard day of New York City sightseeing.

The only Monkee missing was Peter Tork, and since we knew

Fang and Smitty turn on all of their charm for an amazed Micky Dolenz.



he was hanging out somewhere in Greenwich Village during this layoff period (as you know by now, all the other Monkees were headed for England at this time), we trusted to Fate that we would run into Peter later. It turned out, unfortunately, that we did not. However, two Monkees and three Raiders was a sufficient handful without adding any more — believe me!

WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON

At 10 o'clock that night our party went to the Dugout in the Village. Just after we got to our seats, Fang and Smitty walked in and joined us. We all had the same groovy feeling about them — it was as though we all had been friends for a long, long time. After we'd finished a dinner of hamburgers and Cokes, Fang and Micky were the first to lead in the action department.

"Hey, let's go find a button shop," Micky suggested. And Fang, who turned out to be a button-nut too, said, "Yeah, man, let's do that!"

It took us no time to find a great little button shop — where the guys milled around for 15 minutes with the Village teenyboppers without *any of them* recognizing *any of us*! We each bought a button or two and then we went sightseeing on MacDougal Street. Well, on MacDougal Street the kids *did* recognize Micky, Fang, Smitty and Harpo. At first, just a few of them noticed us, but soon I could see a large crowd gathering around the guys, and Ric and I made them move along quickly. At just about the moment when the whole scene was about to become a satire on one of our Monkee "romps" (you know, the kind where the Monkees are running — all speeded up like Keystone Kops — being chased by a whole gang of girls?), we saw a sign that said, The Night Owl. We all ran toward it and Chip steered us inside.

The Night Owl, as you probably know, it where the Lovin' Spoonful and the Blues Magoos (to mention only two) got their start. Chip, who once lived in New York, used to hang out there, and he introduced us to Joe Marra, the owner. Joe invited us to be his guests, so we all sat around drinking coffee, yakkin' and digging the Flying Machine — the club's newest rock 'n' roll discovery.

MONKEE-RAIDERS GO ON "STRIKE"

Without tipping the guys off, I called Davy and told him where we were. A short time later he walked in the door. He was wearing a dark suede jacket, a thick white turtleneck sweater, like Micky's, "gambler's" gray, black and chalk-striped pants with trumpet legs — and a great big grin on his face.

Micky's missing out — but Chip, Davy and Harpo are diggin' the Bunnies on strike.

"Look who's here!" Micky shouted — and it was "familiar faces" time all over again. I needn't repeat that everyone grooved everybody right off — no hassle.

After hanging in The Night Owl for a while, we all decided to swing back to Micky's suite and have a party. Let me tell you that two limousines loaded with Monkees, Raiders and friends slowly rolling through the crowded streets of Greenwich Village created quite a commotion. But just about the time enough fans to cause a riot had recognized us, the traffic disappeared and we zoomed up Sixth Avenue — thereby just avoiding another "romp".

We got off at the side entrance of the hotel to be greeted by a very unusual spectacle. New York's Playboy Club is right beside the hotel where we stayed, and very late on that cold Saturday night spotlights were shining and a crowd was gathered watching (you'll never believe this) the *Bunnies — who were out on strike!* I knew that Davy, Micky, Fang, Smitty and Harpo would be able to stand on the sidelines only for a brief time. You see, the Monkees and the Raiders aren't *watchers*, they are *doers* — and it didn't take longer than three minutes for them to jump in and join the "Bunny parade." Suddenly, it started snowing and the whole scene was a sight to behold — the Bunnies carrying their picket signs and trying to look serious, the Monkees and the Raiders dashing in and out, around them, and the baffled spectators standing around gawking at all this madness!

MONKEE-RAIDERS BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

Finally, Ric, Chip and I persuaded the guys to enter the hotel. Up in the suite, we ordered Cokes and sandwiches and sat around rapping about all the latest happenings in the world of young show business.

"I just heard *Ups And Downs* today," Davy told Fang, "And I really dig it. I love those trumpets in the background. How many are there?"

"Oh — about five, I *think*," said Fang, thoughtfully.

"Ah-ha!" Micky exclaimed, jumping up and doing his best Count Dracula imitation. "Zat means zat *all* you Raiders can play zee trumpet, yes?"

After a split second of silence, the whole room broke up, for we all instantly grasped the hip inside joke Micky was making. After the laughter subsided, Smitty said in his best cowboy drawl, "Well, we don't *exactly* play trumpet, pardner — we just use a few back-up musicians once in a while. Doesn't everybody?"



MICKY and
SMITTY dig
the Flying Machine
at the
Night Owl.



Beaming Bunny gets a boost from an unknown "co-striker."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Dear Cher and Sonny



If your young life is full of problems there's no need for you to suffer alone. In fact, there's no need for you to suffer at all. Cher—and Sonny—want to help you—right here in the pages of 16!

SONNY AND I are back again, reading your letters, answering as many as possible, and (hopefully) helping you to solve the problems you encounter in your day-to-day life. If your letter is not here, please don't feel neglected — there just is not enough room in 16 to answer all of the many letters we get every month. Sonny and I carefully select a cross-section of the mail that represents your most important problems. If your questions aren't answered this month, please come back next month — for sooner or later you will find your problem and our advice right here in 16 Magazine.

Dear Cher,

Can you suggest some exercises for me? I am 13, big-boned and overweight. I have big hips, which make me look fat. I'm counting on you, Cher.

Overweight

Ogden, Utah

• **Dear Overweight,**

First, you should have a simple physical checkup by your family MD, just to make sure that you do not have a thyroid (or any other) condition. Your problem is probably just that you overeat. That usually is the problem with people who are too fat. On the righthand page you will see an ad for 16's Popularity & Beauty Book. That booklet is a gem of information covering all teenage problems, and it has a special set of exercises for "fatties." I suggest that you try it. Good luck!

Dear Cher,

At what age do you think a girl should start dating? Also, do boys really prefer girls who play hard to get more than girls who flirt with them? Why are the flirts the first to get the dates?

Questions

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

• **Dear Questions,**

I think 14 is the proper age for a girl to start double-dating. These dates should be for dances and public affairs only. My little sister "Gee," who is 14, goes to community center parties and chaperoned dances on dates. I think that guys like a girl who is a combination flirt and hard to get. Don't go overboard in either direction, and remember this: it isn't the girl who gets the first date that matters — it's the one who gets the second, third, fourth and fifth. I hope you are that one.

Dear Sonny,

I am a guy who is 13, and there's a girl down the street I'm crazy about. She is also in my room at school. She used to like me, but now she doesn't. What should I do about this problem?

Love-sick

Chicago, Ill.

• **Dear Love-sick,**

The worst thing a guy (or girl) can do when someone they dig ignores them is to start chasing after that person. They become a nuisance, aside from which the chick realizes she's got you hooked and there isn't any excitement or intrigue left. The only chance you have is to become a challenge to this girl. Somehow, make yourself interesting to her and then play hard to get. Don't be at her beck and call. Let her wonder what happened. She will either come around or not, and if not she's really not for you. The first step towards maturity is to learn to accept the facts of life. It's like this, buddy — what is is.

Dear Sonny,

I am 14 years old and there's a guy I'm really gone on, but he doesn't know that I like him. My mother heard me talking to him on the phone and got mad. She says that I should not like boys four or five years older than I am. I stopped talking to this boy and I missed him very much. Then, last week we started talking again. Now, I think he is in love with one of my best friends. What should I do?

Mixed-Up

Santa Barbara, Calif.

• **Dear Mixed-Up,**

Some parents are more old-fashioned than others, and the problem can become difficult. As you know, I am older than Cher and at first her parents did not take to me. Fortunately, I proved myself worthy of their daughter. Since this guy you dig seems hung on another girl, why don't you just determinedly make yourself some new friends. When you do, introduce them to your mom, so that she can see that they are nice folks — no matter how much younger or how much older they are than you. Wish you happiness!

That's it for now. If you have a personal problem of any nature, just write to us at the address below and we will try to help you. Our address is:

**DEAR CHER (or)
DEAR SONNY
16 Magazine
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022**

DO YOU need help?

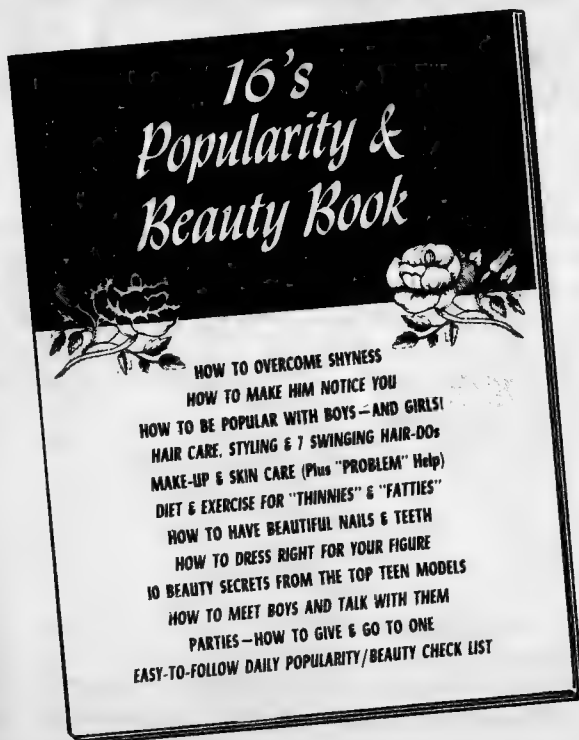
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JUNE 1967

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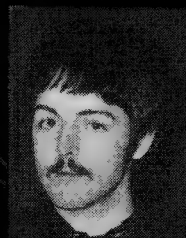
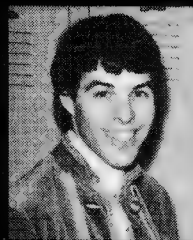
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A SURPRISE GIFT FROM MICKY?

A NEW LP FROM MIKE AND PETER?

A PERSONAL PHONE CALL FROM MARK?

AN ORIGINAL RAIDER JACKET FROM FANG?

THE REAL HOME ADDRESS OF PAUL McCARTNEY?

ALL THIS —

**AND MORE — IS WAITING FOR
SOME LUCKY 16-ers. LOOK TO
THE RIGHT & SEE IF YOUR
DREAM CAME TRUE!**

**IF YOU WANT TO LEARN
HOW TO GET TO DREAMSVILLE —
READ BELOW.**

WHAT is Dreamsville? Chickadee, **Dreamsville** is that place way up yonder where dreams come true like they were never fulfilled before—and the pure ecstasy might just flip you out and onto a cloud so high you may never make it back to mother earth again!

If you're ready to make the trip, hang on — *and heed this!* Write a letter—a simple, easy, *one-page letter*—to 16 Magazine telling exactly what special delight you are longing to get from your very favorite teen star. If we possibly can (and be assured: 16 stops at *nothing!*), we'll see that you get exactly what you dreamed about!

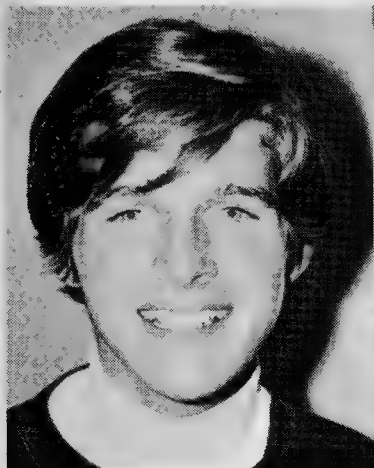
Hard to believe? Well, then, just take a look at the facing page. Each girl whose name and home town is printed there is a 16 reader who made a wish, dreamed a dream or yearned for something very special—and *got it* when 16 hauled her aboard our jet express to **Dreamsville**.

You can wing off to **Dreamsville** just as easily! Just write a short letter (on *one side* of the sheet *only!*) telling what you

would dearly love to have. Could be a personal phone call—or a personal letter—from your favorite star. Could be a personal keepsake from your dream guy. Could be a pin-up portrait personally autographed by your grooviest group. Could be a whole set of recordings from the top of the charts. Could be any number of delicious things. It's *your* request—so *you* name it. Jot it down on a sheet of paper and mail it to the address below:

**"DREAMSVILLE"
16 MAGAZINE
BOX 218
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11202**

After you've mailed your letter, don't fail to get every issue of 16 Magazine and watch the Dreamsville answers page—because that's where you'll see the glorious news that everything you wished for, dreamed of, longed for has come true!



DID YOU WIN A TRIP TO DREAMS- VILLE? LOOK & SEE

LINDA UMMEL of Tucson, Ariz., is probably still spinning like a top on her own personal *Dreamsville* cloud. She received a person-to-person telephone call from none other than the fabulous **Mark Lindsay**! **Raider Fang** sent **LINDA** one of the *original Raider* jackets as a bonus gift. And both the boys are send-

ing **LINDA** personally autographed pin-ups. How's that for a slam-bang dream come true?

Beatle luvver **DANETTE FULLER** of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, also hit the *Dreamsville* jackpot! **DANETTE** has been writing letters to **Paul McCartney** for years, and has never been quite sure that he received any of them. She can be sure now! We are sending her **Paul's** real home address, a large, personally autographed picture of the *Beatles* and a full year's free subscription to *16 Magazine*.

That banging noise coming from cloud nine is not a boiler factory! It's just **SARAH DAVIS** of Hinsdale, Ill., and her *Dreamsville* dream come true. **Monkee Davy Jones** sent her one of his very own tambourines, **Micky** picked out a super-surprise gift, and **Mike** and **Peter** sent autographed pictures and a copy of their new Colgems LP, *More Of The Monkees*, so she can sing and play along!

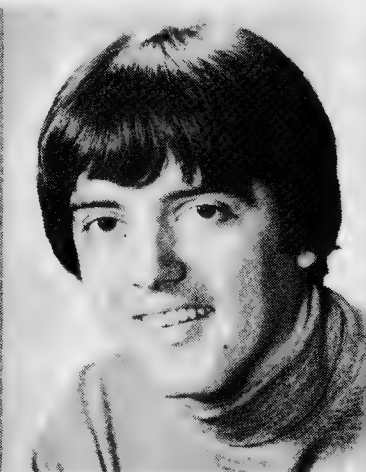
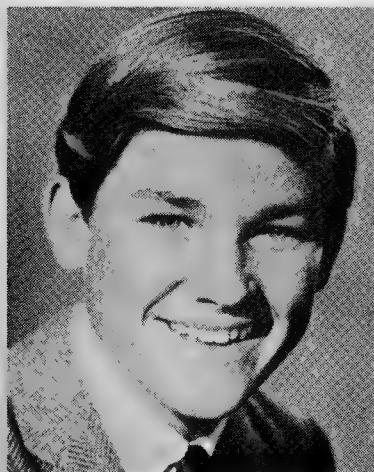
The *Lovin' Spoonful* are serving more than just a spoonful of dreams to **THERESA CAGIANESE** of Long Island City, N.Y. **John**, **Zal**, **Joe** and **Steve** are sending her a copy of their very latest Kama Sutra LP, *The Best Of The Lovin' Spoonful*, a brand-new rec-

ord player to play it on — and a pair of **Joe Butler's** very own drumsticks!

VIRGINIA McARDLE of Newburgh, N.Y., says that she has never missed a **Kurt Russell** movie, and that he is her favorite star. Imagine how *Dreamsville*-ly she'll be when she answers the phone and finds **Kurt** on the other end! That's right — a personal phone call and a personally autographed picture are on the way from **Kurt Russell** himself!

Dashing **Dino Martin, Jr.**, of **Dino, Desi** and **Billy**, is saving a seat on the *Dreamsville* rocket for **JUNE BOHN** of **Benton, Ill.** **Dino** is sending **JUNE** a large, personally autographed picture and an extra special surprise that he picked out just for her!

Gloria Stavers, Editor-in-Chief of *16 Magazine*, has gone all out to make sure that **PEG HUTTMAN** of **Throop, Pa.**, enjoys her *Dreamsville* drifting. **PEG** should really enjoy five super LPs from her fave *16* stars, and a full year's subscription to the stars' fave magazine — *16*. Who said dreams don't come true? They do in *Dreamsville*!



THE MONKEES MEET THE BEATLES—& TAKE ENGLAND BY STORM!

COME ALONG WITH MICKY, MIKE & DAVY AS THEY TAKE OVER THE MERRIE OLDE ISLAND LIKE SHE'S NEVER BEEN GRABBED BEFORE!

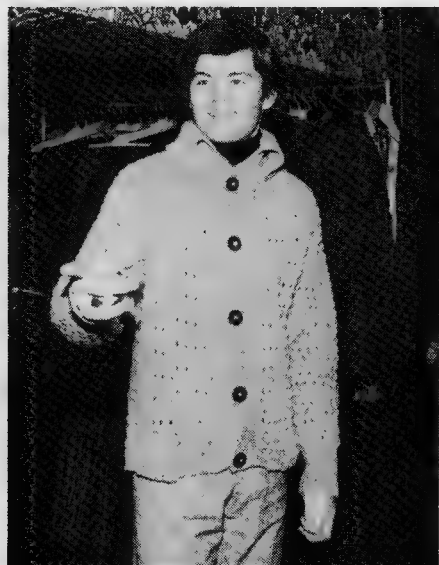
THE FIRST real live Monkee (not counting Davy Jones, of course — cos he came from there in the first place) to hit England was madness' own Micky Dolenz. He arrived at London's Heathrow Airport on February 6 to an unexpected (because his arrival had been kept "secret") crowd of over 300 super-enthusiastic female fans. Because the security police were caught off guard, Micky had quite a time — losing a few buttons and a piece of his hair — getting through the crowd to his waiting limousine. After a frantic but glorious battle (thoroughly enjoyed by everyone — press, fans and Monkee — except the under-staffed guards), Micky and his retinue made it to their hotel. Let's join them there and go along with Micky — and, eventually, with Mike, Phyllis and Davy — as they take over merrie olde England like she's never been grabbed before!

Photos World Copyright By 16 Magazine



Micky gets swamped while astounded airport officials seek to rescue him.

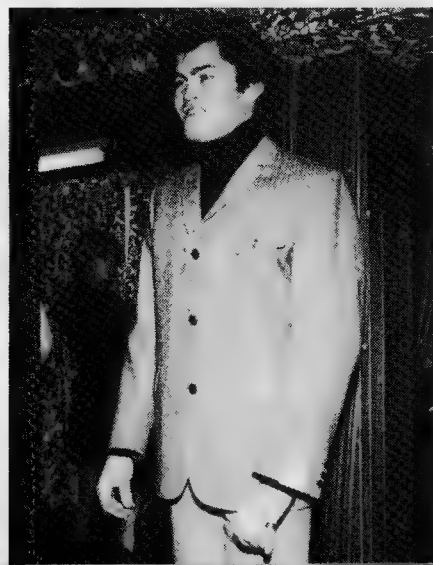
First stop: Lord John's soopa chic boutique. I like this sweater — and I love that jacket over there!



Ah-ha — a perfect fit. So Micky decided next to look at a suit.



Single-breasted tweed with diagonal pockets — well, what do you think?



Whew — that was exciting! Well, what shall we do next, luvs? How's about a shopping spree on Carnaby Street?



Micky, old chap — what do you think of England? **Wow! It's crazy, man — cray-zee!!**

The greatest moment of all comes for Micky — he meets Paul McCartney at a London disco and Beatle Paul invites Monkee Micky to his home in St. John's Wood.

What's more, Micky gets a royal introduction to "Martha", Paulie's groovy English sheepdog — talk about **long hair**. (For the greatest Dolenz-McCartney **ever**, turn to Page 19.)



Even more? Yep — the next day, at Disc-Music Echo's "Valentine's Day Award," Micky met Beatle chieftain Brian Epstein.



MORE



Helen Shapiro cops Jimmy Savile's cap for Micky —



— But Micky returns it and Jimmy, the forgiving kind, promptly “knights” Sir George Michael Dolenz, Jr.!

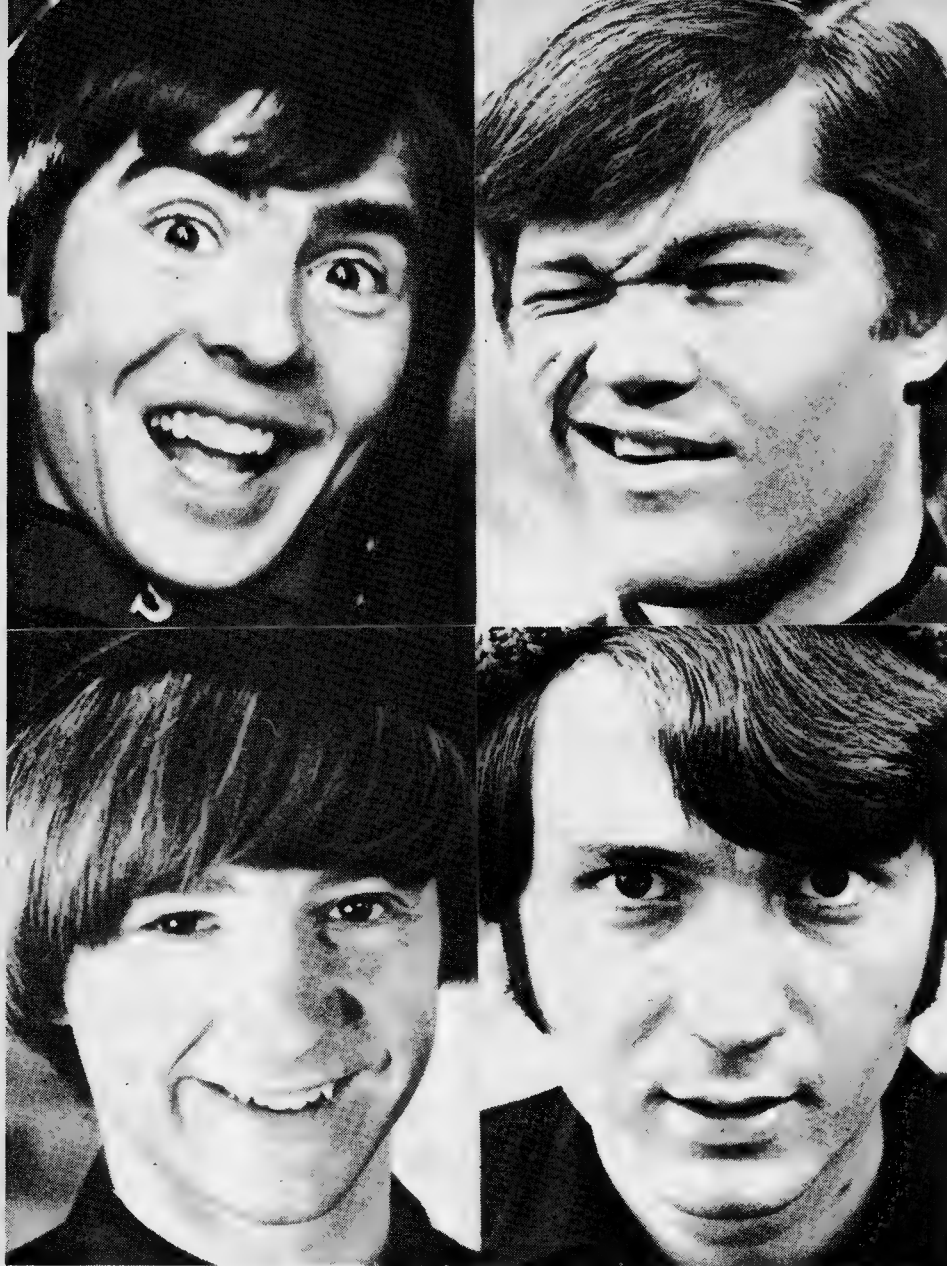
Just before going to **Pop Inn**, BBC's top radio show, Micky ran into two old buddies of his.



Inside, he met two **new** buddies — Tom Jones and Herman (Peter Noone).



Micky poses with pop newcomer Cat Stevens, pop regular Cliff Richard and model Samantha Juste (he later dated “Sam” — but don't cry, t'weren't nothin' serious).



Here We Are!

KNOW the MONKEES
as **NEVER** before!
16's
brand-new, **EXCLUSIVE**
Monkees book —
HERE WE ARE! —
is an **ABSOLUTE**
mustmust**MUST**
for each and **EVERY**
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HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW—
WHAT THE MONKEES THINK OF EACH OTHER
DAVY, MICKY, PETER AND MIKE'S EARLY LIVES
HOW TO MEET YOUR FAVORITE MONKEE
40 NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED MONKEES SECRETS
THE DAVY JONES NOBODY KNOWS
MICKY'S SECRET LIFE
WHAT THE PEOPLE WHO HELPED "MAKE" THE
MONKEES REALLY THINK OF THEM
THE MONKEES' PARENTS SPEAK
PETER TORK'S "OTHER LIFE"
AND MORE! MORE! MORE!

Well, you *can* get to know each and every one of these fascinating items — AND you can also get a fantastic array of *never-before-seen* photos of the Monkees — PLUS a super-smash, *personally autographed* pin-up of Davy, Peter, Mike and Micky.

And hear this! In this one-of-a-kind, exclusive Monkees book, *Here We Are!*, you will also get *each and every one of the addresses* where you can write to the Monkees — from their fan club address to their very own personal addresses.

This ultra-fab, super-groovy book can be *yours* just by filling in the coupon, cutting it out and mailing it to the address on the coupon — *with a one-dollar bill attached*. It's a fact! For only *one dollar*, **16** will send you its brand-new, exclusive Monkees book, **HERE WE ARE!** Ask for your copy *now!*

JUNE 1967

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"Do the Monkees really make their own recordings?"



Aww — you're not going to ask that tired old question again, are you?



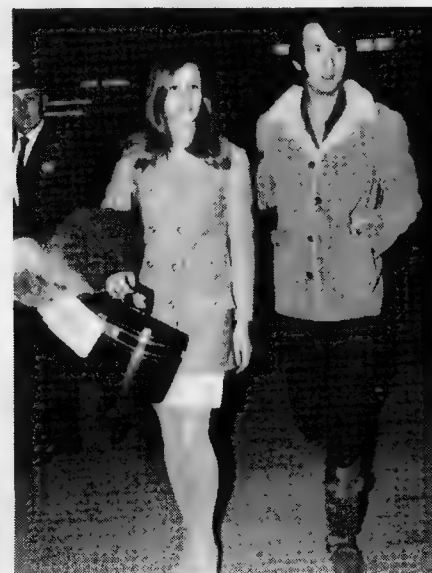
Tell you what — see that gentleman in the white jacket carrying a tray of sandwiches? Well, he's the one who cuts all our records!



Next night Micky meets Spencer Davies (second from left) Group at the Marquee Club. They are his second favorite English group — the Beatles come first!

The first thing on their list (too) is a shopping trip along Carnaby Street. Dig Phyllis' groovy boots and coat!

Can you tell me in American dollars how much this pipe is — sir?



The quietest Monkee arrival in England was made by Mike and Phyllis Nesmith, who sneaked into London in the wee hours of dawn.

Hey, wait a minute — it says, "Made In America" on this!



POW! MONKEE MEETS BEATLE!

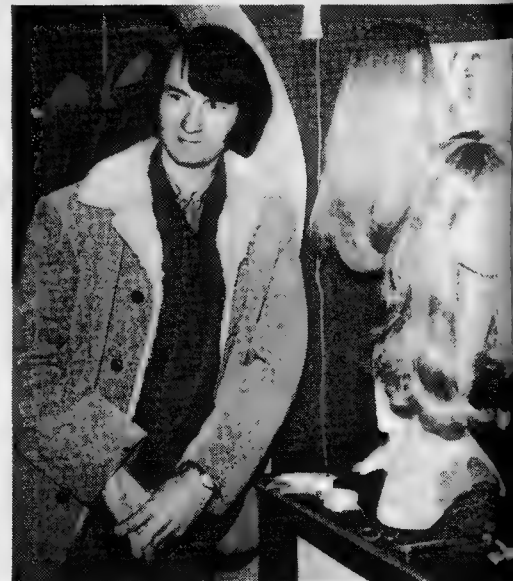




At Lady Jane's, Phyllis looks at a wig, but decides that she'd rather have a dress instead.



She finally chooses a pale paisley shift and a fuzzy coat.



What does hubby think? Well, just take a look at the expression on Mike's face and figure it out for yourself.



Later that day, Mike visits four of his faves, the Kinks, at their recording session. But the biggest thrill is yet to come —



The scene is a Beatle record session that is being filmed for a British TV spec. That's Mick Jagger sitting at Paul's feet.



Wearing a butcher's apron and a '30's tie — Paul conducts a 41-piece orchestra —



ANNOUNCING 16's FABULOUS NEW ALL-STAR LOVE STORY BOOK



Each of these stars tells you the GREATEST LOVE LESSON they've ever learned! IN ADDITION, each star tells you "Ten Ways To Make Me Love You." AND you get, as a bonus, a huge, lovable, signed pin-up of each star!

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MICKY DOLENZ	SONNY & CHER
DINO	PAUL McCARTNEY

EACH of these stars *personally* and *privately* reveals to you the *one most important and unforgettable* "lesson in love" they have learned in their lifetime. Also, each star personally reveals to you his own private list of *10 Ways To Make Me Love You!*

IN ADDITION — *16's All-Star Love Story Book* contains a super-beautiful, brand-new exclusive full-page autographed portrait of each star. WOW! What more could a girl want?!

To get this smashing book, just fill in the coupon, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon — *with a one-dollar bill attached*. Yes, just *one dollar* will get you *16's All-Star Love Story Book!* So hurry that coupon (and your dollar) on its way today!

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MARK



MAGIC

TIME

MACHINE



"Harken there, you! 'Tis I, Madman Marcus and that strange contraption over my shoulder is my Magic Time Machine. You're about to step aboard it with us Raiders and be transported back, back, back into time."



Scrunch—craack—ummph. "Don't be chicken, get on in there, Smitty. There's room enough for you!"

KER-BLAAMM!

SMITTY: "Aaaheeeoooooohh"! PAUL: "Hey, Smitty-man, what happened to you?"
MARK: "Forget about him, look what happened to my microphone!"





SMITTY: "I'll tell you what happened to me — I've finally got primitive enough to tell you!"
 PAUL: "Yeah, tell me what? Come on, spit it out."



"Never mind spittin'. How'd'ya like to try this rock on for size?"

"G-r-r. Flashing back to caveman times makes **me** feel real primitive about **you!**"



"Hey, Phil, there's our time machine again. Let's hop back in it and see where it will take us next."



KER BLAAMM!



"Gadzooks, guys—this looks like Roseland on a rainy Sunday night!"



"Stay cool, hepcats. Everything's gonna be o-reet-o-rooney. Get it?"



"SOLID,
Jackson!
Greeting
gates,
did'ya
bring
YOUR
skates?"



"Beat me, daddy, eight to the bar —"



"Well, the flatfoot floggie with the floy floy!"



"I'll take you jivin' to a mellow beat, in my zoot suit with a reet pleat — just turn the page!"

MORE NEXTTIME!



WOW!! They're ultra-outasite! **WHAT?** These biggest-ever, **MOST** beautiful-ever, neatest, bossest, **BRAND NEW** super-giant signed

pin-ups of:

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PAUL REVERE
JIM "HARPO" VALLEY
MIKE "SMITTY" SMITH
PAUL MCCARTNEY
RINGO STARR
GEORGE HARRISON
JOHN LENNON
DAVID MCCALLUM
ROBERT VAUGHN
HERMAN
KARL GREEN
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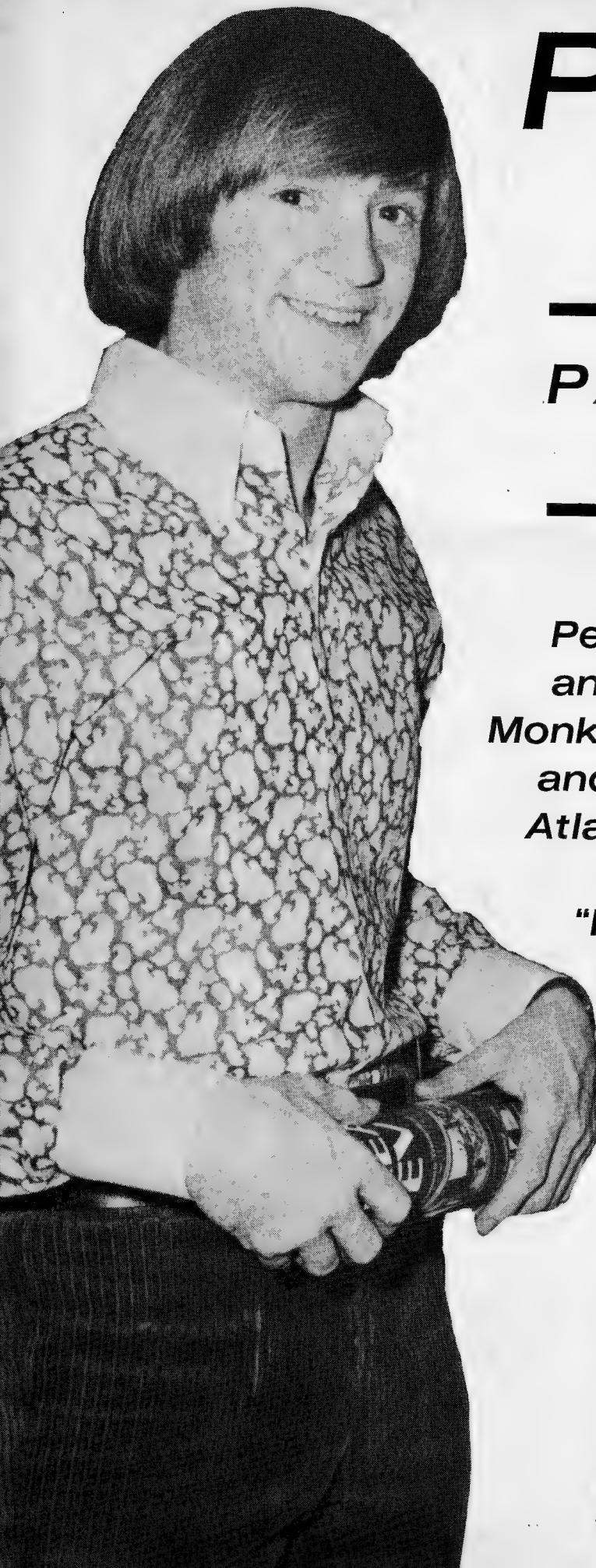
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PETER TORK

PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE

BY GLORIA STAVERS

Peter didn't join Micky, Davy and Mike when these three Monkees took wing for England and other places across the Atlantic. Instead, he flew to Greenwich Village, his "home away from home"—there to renew old friendships and talk about "old times." This is the story of that visit.

WHILE THE OTHER MONKEES were cavorting around England and Europe, Peter Halsten Thorkelson (or Peter Tork to all you members of the Monkees "Monday Night Madness" Club) was quietly enjoying the slightly Bohemian leisure life of New York's famous Greenwich Village. When Micky, Mike and Davy set their sails for London, Peter got on the first plane to New York City — for he had a deep longing to visit his Village pals and buddies (whom he hadn't seen in many a month), to see a few of his "up-town" friends and to spend a quiet evening with his beloved grandmother, Mrs. Catherine Straus.

PETER'S MARRIAGE

Before we get into the story, there's one small item which should be covered here and now *for once and for all*. Yes (as it was recently printed in a film magazine), Peter Tork was, indeed, married once.

It was one of those fast "childhood" type marriages that some young people of every generation throughout history have gotten caught up in. The ex-Mrs. Tork's name was Jody. She came from a horse-loving family, and during her holidays from school she had spent most of her spare time training horses. At the time of the wedding, she was 16 years old, and she and Peter had been going steady for a number of months.

They were married at Jody's mother's home in Nyack, N.Y., on June 5, 1964. It was an informal ceremony, attended by the bride and groom's parents and a few personal friends. Peter and Jody tried hard but couldn't make a go of it, and were separated three months after the wedding. Some time thereafter they were divorced. They are still friends and see each other occasionally in New York and Los Angeles.

PETER'S PRESENT

Back to Greenwich Village. Peter's return there this past February was a typical hero's homecoming — *Village style!*

As one friend recalled, "A whole bunch of us were sitting around the Tin Angel on Bleecker Street on a busy Friday night. A guy came through the door wearing beat-up levis, a heavy dark jacket and a funny-looking tan cowboy hat. 'There's Tork,' someone said casually and, sure enough, there he stood — with a big, boyish grin on his face. 'Sit down,' someone said. 'Hey, man — you look like you've been eatin' regularly.'

"Peter laughed, and breathed what sounded like a sigh of relief. Then he relaxed completely. The next hour was a happy whirlwind of greetings from old friends and good-natured cracks about the Monkees came from all corners of the crowded restaurant. Jenny, the waitress — an old friend — rushed up and threw her arms around Peter, giving him a warm, friendly hug. 'Hey, Jenny, stop *Monkeeing* around,' someone shouted — and everybody broke up. Peter, feigning at being a super star, stood up and grumbled, 'Don't you recognize *who I am*?' 'Sure — that's the trouble!' came an answer, and everybody laughed some more."

Peter's friend told me later that the thing Peter appreciated most about the Village was the casualness of everyone there. "No matter how big or how small you are in show business," Peter says, "you can go back to the Village and be your *real* self. That's all anyone cares about down there, and that's a relief from some of the pretentiousness of Hollywood."

While in the Village, Peter stayed at the apartment of his buddy, Lance Wakely. Sadly, he only got to spend two days with Lance — as Lance left for Tokyo on a concert tour shortly after Peter arrived.

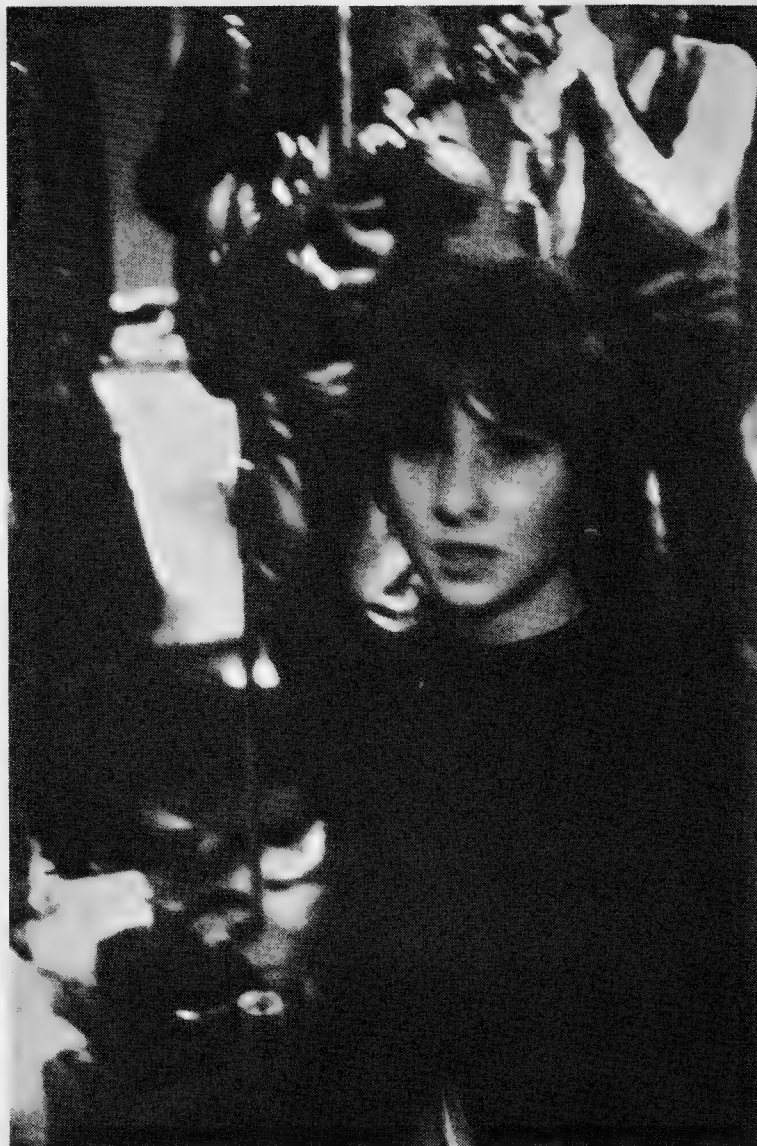
Peter didn't go out of the Village much during his stay there — he sat around listening to LP's by Judy Collins, the Beatles, Jimmy Reed and Ravi Shankar. Many of his old friends came by to visit Peter and his host, Lance's roommate, poet Marty Guthertz.

Among the entertainers Peter saw during his trip were Tim Hardin at the Scene, Orlo Guthrie (Woody's Guthrie's son) and Jack Elliot at the Gaslight, and Eric Andersen at the Go Go. At the Dugout, he had long talks with such "folk world" luminaries as Phil Ochs, Felix Pappalardi and Jesse Colin Young. Peter also spent time eating at the Eng-

lish Pub on Sixth Avenue, practicing guitar, reading loads of science fiction and watching — every Monday night — the Monkees. He also attended a recital given by an old friend, Peter Basquin, who was graduating from the Manhattan School of Music — and he spent a quiet evening reminiscing with his grandmother while dining with her.

On his birthday — February 13 — he called his mom and dad in Regina for a long, friendly chat. St. Valentine's Day found Peter Tork departing for Los Angeles (a week before he was due back) to face the terrible hum of the dentist's drill. It seems that he hadn't had that recommended bi-annual checkup in a couple of years, so it was time for him to pay his dues. Ugh!

The future for Peter, and the rest of the Monkees, is so sunny that the light rays are blinding — but they won't be so bright that you can't go on happily seeing Peter's golden hair, sparkling antics — and don't forget about that shining smile!

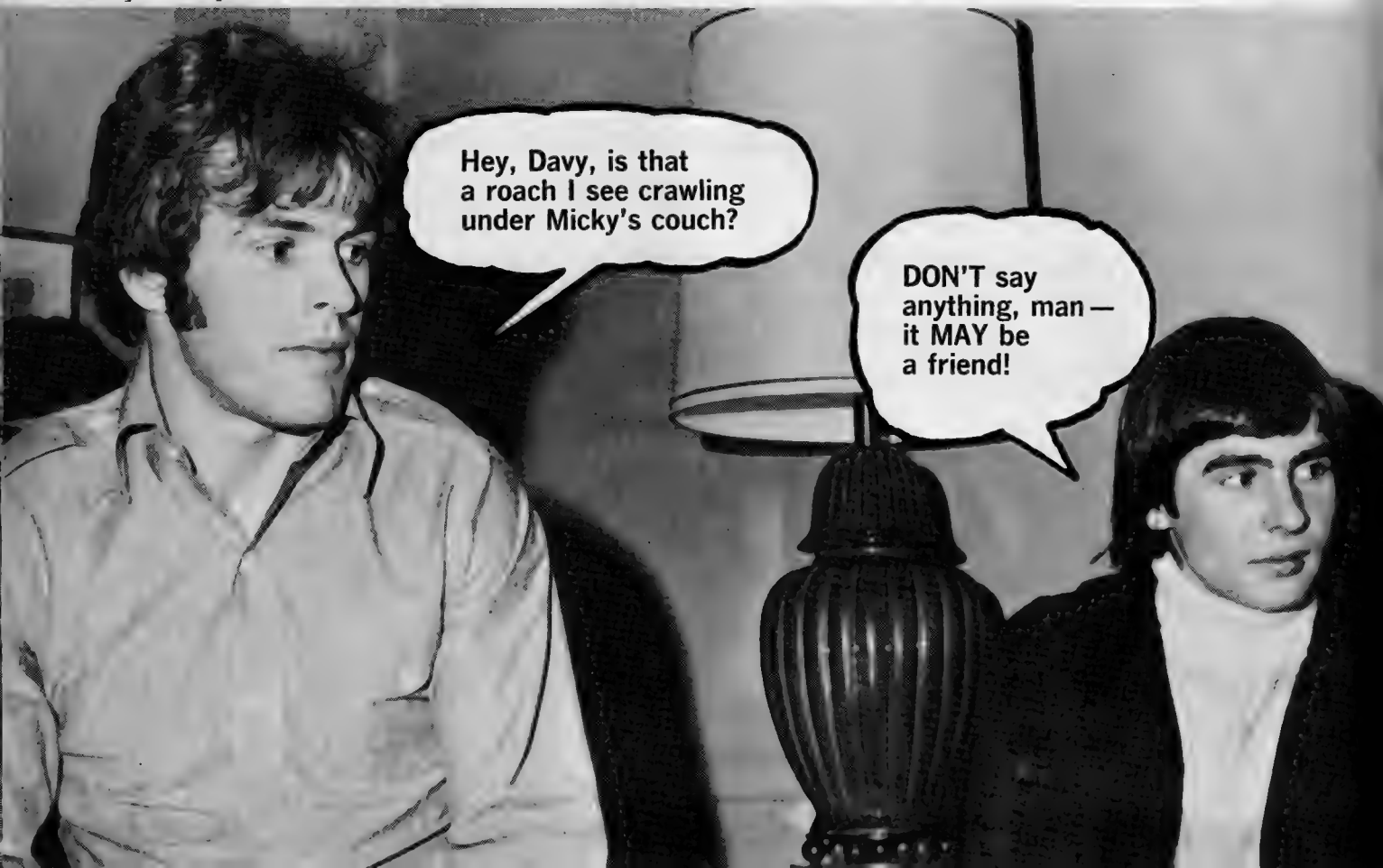


Jody



Monkees and Raiders join in a rare family portrait! Left to right: Fang, Micky, Smitty, David Pearl, Davy, Chip and Harpo.

Smitty and Davy make an acute observation.





Smitty makes serious for the camera while David Pearl and Davy laugh at Micky and Fang's jokes.

"You better be careful, mates," Davy said, doing a way-out Manchester accent, "coz you'll soon be getting that *roobish* about not *cooting* your own discs thrown at you."

At this point, the conversation turned to the Beatles and everyone agreed that — without a doubt — John, Paul, George and Ringo are still the greatest thing to ever hit the scene.

"I sure wish I could meet them — or just one of them," Micky said. Little did he realize that in a matter of two days his wish would come true!

We all sat around yakking till the wee hours. Harpo was the first to leave, promising Micky that he would definitely meet him and take him to the airport for his London departure the next day. Davy and I left next, but not before making plans to meet Smitty and Fang for brunch the next afternoon.

On Sunday everything went according to schedule, except that Harpo was a little late in picking up Micky and — though

Ric kept urging Micky to leave for the airport — Mick insisted, "Hey, man, I'm not going to London until *Harpo* gets here — and that means if it takes him a *week*!"

All I can say is, that's a good example of the kind of firmly-cemented friendships the Monkees and Raiders made that weekend. Before we all ultimately departed from each other's company, we exchanged phone numbers and made plans to meet again when we returned to Hollywood.

"Hey," Davy said, when he waved goodbye to Fang and Smitty, "next time, let's make sure it's *all* of us. You guys bring Paul and Mark — and we'll bring Peter and Mike."

And I'll be bringing you more of The Monkees & Me in the July issue of 16. It goes on sale May 23rd, so reserve your copy now!

On Sunday, Davy turned photographer and snapped this pic of his two new friends.





GEEGEE'S GOSSIP!

WHAT'S NEW with your favorites from coast-to-coast!

wife CAROL announced the birth of a baby daughter in February . . . DAVY JONES' buddy, artist NEKO, recently flipped DAVY by giving him an outasite black-and-white oil painting of the late, great W.C. FIELDS . . . NOEL "HEAD" HARRISON, along with the RASCALS, was a super-smash hit in a recent appearance for Honolulu's radio station KPOI.

Over 50,000 teenage girls will be contestants in 16's annual Miss 16 of America contest this year (you'll get the scoop in the September issue). So far, here are the participating TV and radio stations: WKDB-TV; Detroit; WKBS-TV, Philadelphia; The Hy Lit Show, Philadelphia; WKBG-TV, Boston; WAVY-TV, Norfolk, Va.; Radio WSOR, Windsor, Conn.; Radio CKXL, Calgary, Can.; WPTV, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; KQTV, Ft. Dodge, Iowa and Radio WAIR, Winston-Salem, N.C. — to name just a few . . . Australian cutie LYNNE RANDELL's first single on Epic is Ciao Baby and Stranger In My Arms. Get it, cos she's a groove and her record is a gas . . . The BEATLES signed a nine-year recording contract with Capitol and producer Walter Shenson has announced that he will make Beatles 3 (working title for their new film) when the script is finally readied — and your guess about that is as good as anybody else's . . . The Daily Flash signed with MCA's new Uni label . . . The THOMAS GROUP has released their first Dunhill single I've Got No More To Say . . . JAN & DEAN, LOU CHRISTIE and the BUCKING-

HAMS have signed with Columbia Records . . . The FUGS have signed with Atlantic Records . . . GeeGee recommended LPs this month include Keith Allison's groovy In Action on Columbia; the Byrds' Younger Than Yesterday on Columbia; The Left Banke on Mercury (Pretty Ballerina and Walk Away Renée are on this); Spencer Davis Group — Gimme Some Lovin on United Artists; Eric Andersen's Bout Changes And Things — Take Two in Vanguard; the Seekers' Georgy Girl on Capitol; Sonny and Cher's In Case You're In Love on Atco and Chuck Berry's fabulous Golden Decade of hits on Chess.

DON'T BE SURPRISED if a future Monkee episode shows DAVY, MICKY, MIKE and PETER sporting mustaches and/or beards and/or goatees! The inspiration came from MICKY DOLENZ, who got it from PAUL McCARTNEY — and all the boys grew hairy faces during their March layoff. The four of them made a mighty effort to prevail upon Screem Gems to let 'em do a bearded episode — "just this once, please!" . . . MIKE NESMITH bought a custom-built Mini when he was in England. That makes five cars in all for him, unless I lost count somewhere along the way . . . By the way, MAMA CASS shared the Nesmiths' plane trip to London with them on her way to a swank London "lying-in" hospital. Congrats, sweet CASSANDRA, on the new addition.

Just before taping Coliseum, WOODY ALLEN surprised MARK LINDSAY by showing him the gorgeous Gee-Gee Golden Galaxy Award he won for being the outstanding young star of 1966. The public presentation, of course, was made on Where The Action Is . . . JOHN LENNON turned out to be just as Victorian as The Establishment types he and the BEATLES have put down since their rugged youth. Seems CYNTHIA got herself a nanny to help her care for the LENNONS' five-year-old son, JULIAN. As soon as JOHN discovered this, he had the lady fired, explaining that ". . . it's a wife's duty to bring up the children." But that's O.K. — he let CYNTHIA hire a cook . . . ROBERT VAUGHN will make a film for MGM called Cry Havoc . . . ELVIS' latest for Paramount is Easy Come, Easy Go . . . DAVID McCALLUM and his ex-wife JILL IRELAND got their final divorce decree this past mid-Feb . . . Ex-Action dancer MIKE WILLIAMS is branching out on his own — singing, dancing and acting . . . DENNIS WILSON and his

DENIS PAYTON of the DAVE CLARK 5 married LYN GRIFFITHS in London on February 24 (GLORIA will give you the full story next month) . . . On March 11, GARY LEWIS wed "JINKY" SUZARA at St. Paul's Church in Westwood, Calif. GARY's brother RONNIE was best man and JINKY's sister GEMMA was maid of honor. Stay happy, kids . . . MICK JAGGER's brother CHRIS has joined a pop singing group that is managed by a school chum named JOHN WILLIS . . . PETER & GORDON have not split up. They will continue to record and do shows together, but GORDON will cut single records on his own and PETER will devote more time to his flourishing book shop in London . . . Didja dig NANCY SINATRA on The Ed Sullivan Show? Wasn't she wizard?

Later. Say Love.



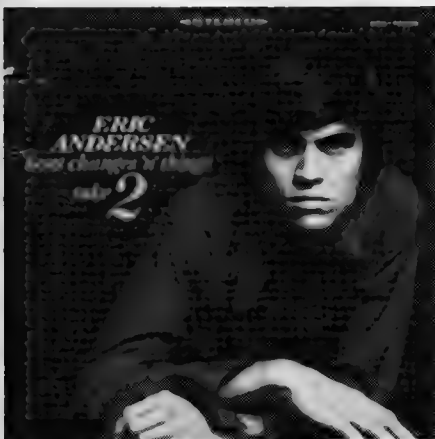
Davy and Neko



Mark and Woody



Julian Lennon



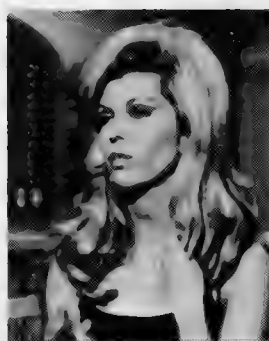
Eric



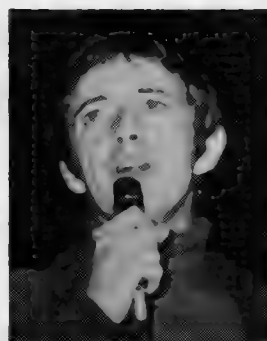
Keith



Chris and John



Nancy



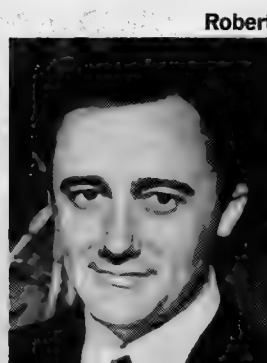
Noel



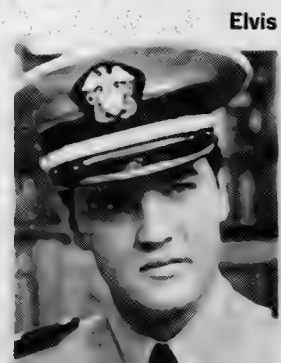
Lynne



David



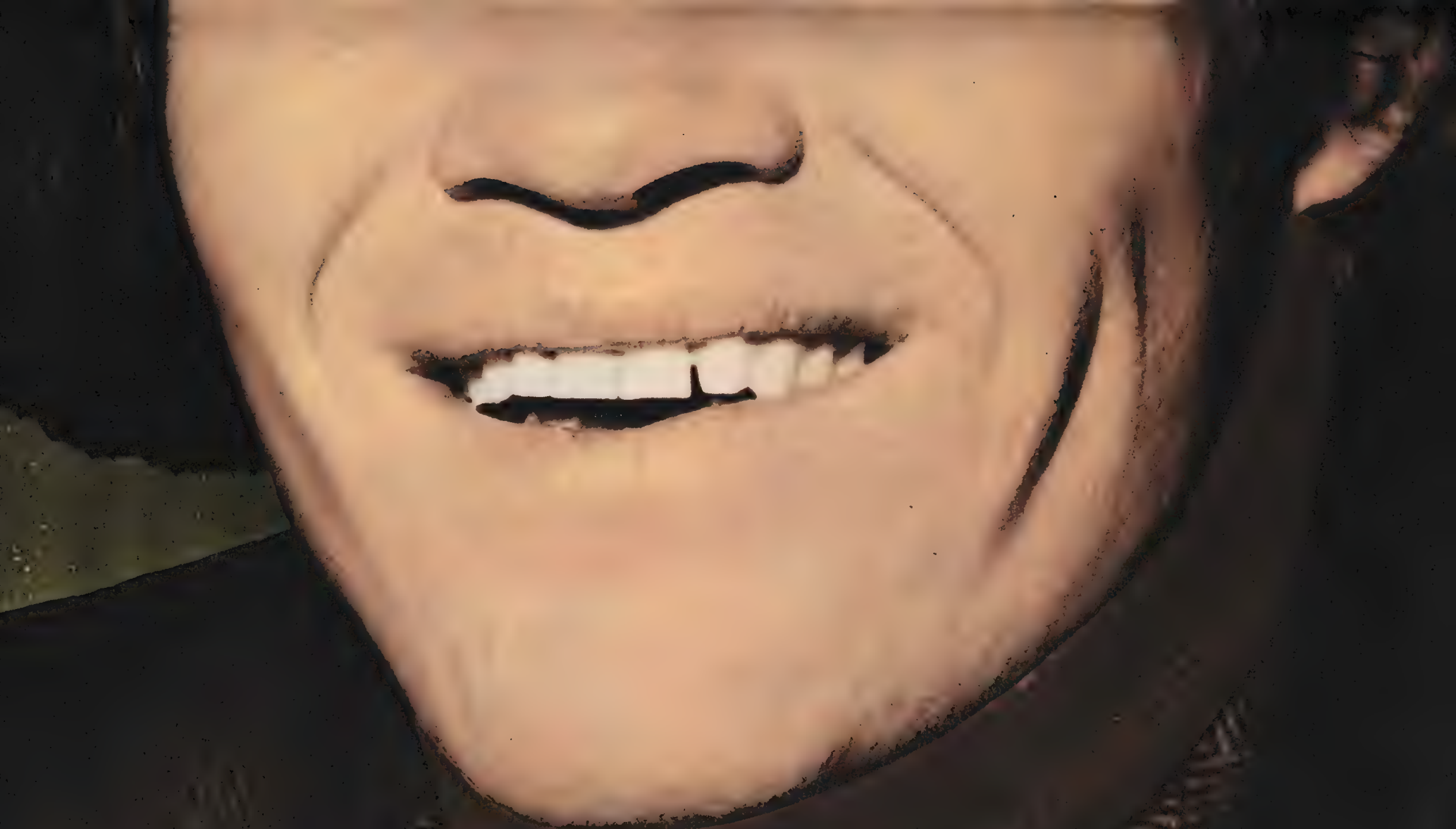
Robert



Elvis

EXCLUSIVE
16 COLOR
PIN-UP





STAY COOL —
(LIKE 16).

Michy Dolenz

MICKY DOLENZ INVIT

ARE YOU short of breath? Is your head in a whirl? Are you weak in the knees? Is your heart going clunk-clunk, clunk-clunk? Well, that's natural, luvvie — cos guess where you are? You're standing right smack dab on Micky Dolenz'

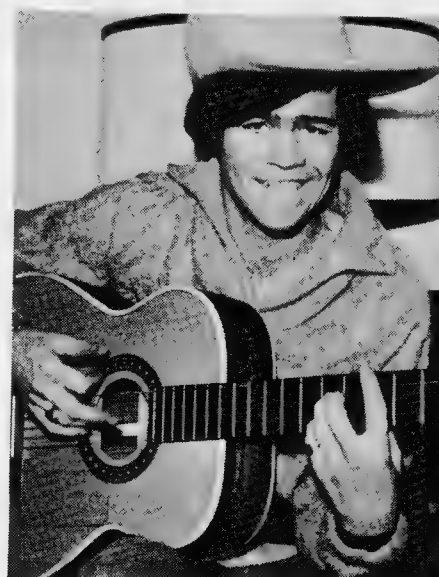
doorstep, that's where! And the adorable one — the one and only Monkee Micky — is legging it to the door to invite YOU into his pad!



There he is! And look at that smile! It's got "Welcome" written all over it. Come on inside, it says, and let's get acquainted. You'd never guess that Micky's just unwinding after a long hard day's work at the studio — he's that happy to see YOU!



Nothin' like music to supply a cozy mood. What'll it be? How does Elektra's The Blues Project LP grab you? It does? Hold on, then, cos here it goes (Candy Man is Micky's favorite band).



How lucky can you get? Micky climaxes your musical interlude by plunking himself right in front of you and serenading you LIVE!

PHOTO BY GLORIA STAYERS. WORLD COPYRIGHT 16 MAGAZINE.

You're looking now at a proud Monkee — and why not? Micky won this trophy in 1961 at the Rod & Motorama Sweepstakes for the over-all best custom car, and he just had to show it to you.



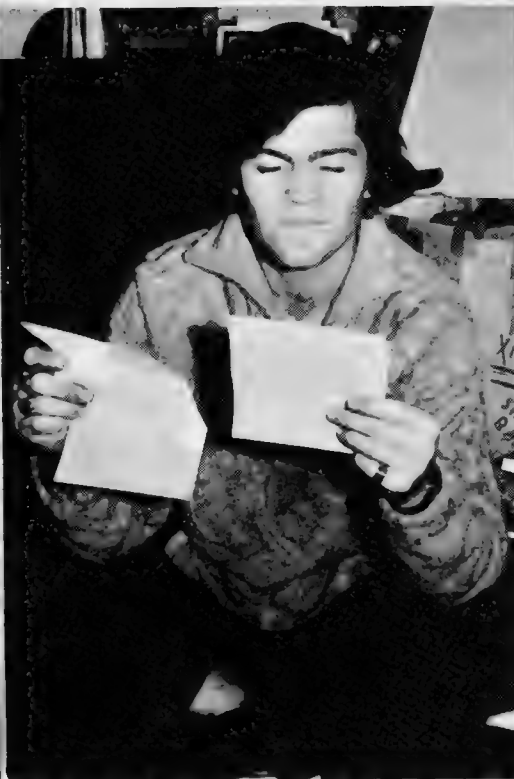
More prized possessions. Micky collects old movie posters and he is also a button nut. Poster? Oh, c'mon — it's Buster Keaton, natch! Button? Bela (Count Dracula) Lugosi — who else!



ES YOU TO HIS HOME!



Not only Micky but Laurel and Hardy seem to be getting a kick out of this — uh, this . . . What is it? Why, luvvie, it's Micky's own personal, private creation — a metal lampbase he made himself!



So you had to see it to believe it, you skeptic (shame!). Yes, Micky really **does** read your fan letters to him — each and every one of them — just as he is doing right here!



"Look, hon, I'm making a mess of this. Couldn't we just go out to dinner?" (Sob, sob — Micky is **no** cook!)



"But I'm the world's greatest li'l ol' ice-cube maker — with the help of my trusty Whirlpool fridge, that is!"



Micky saves the best for last — the way-out control panel he built in his bedroom. As Micky illustrates, it turns his lights, phone and TV on and off and changes the TV channels. (That's not a rocket at right, luv, it's Micky's groovy Lava-lite.) And with this, your entertaining electronics bug, Monkee Micky — the Most of the Hosts — bids you an affectionate farewell . . . until next time!

WIN MICKY'S PHONE NUMBER-SEE NEXT PAGE ►

YOU CAN WIN MICKY'S PERSONAL PHONE NUMBER!



DO YOU go to sleep at night with a special prayer, a special dream — that one day, one night, your telephone will ring and you'll pick up the receiver and over the wire will float (all the way from California!) a voice that could belong to nobody else but your favorite Monkee, none other than Micky Dolenz?

Well, put away your dream, luvvie, and pick up your pen or pencil — or even your typewriter — cos *now* is the time to *act*!

IMPORTANT! YOU CANNOT ENTER 16'S "WIN MICKY'S PHONE NUMBER" CONTEST UNLESS YOU USE THIS COUPON! FILL IT IN, CUT IT OUT AND MAIL IT NOW!

"WIN MICKY'S PHONE NUMBER" contest JUNE 1967

Please enroll me in 16's "Win Micky's Phone Number" Contest. My letter is attached and my telephone number is:

(PRINT YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER HERE)

PLEASE PRINT THE FOLLOWING:

MY NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

Mail this coupon with your letter to:

"WIN MICKY'S PHONE NUMBER" CONTEST

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

16 is bringing you the not-to-be-missed opportunity of a lifetime to get a person-to-person call from Micky directly to *you* — and also to get Micky's own private, personal phone number so that you can call *him*! And it's so *simple*! Here's all you have to do:

Write a letter on one side *only* of a sheet of paper telling *Why I Love Micky Dolenz*. Write simply and sincerely, as if you were talking straight from your heart. After you've finished the letter, fill in the coupon on this page, cut it out, attach your letter to it — and mail both letter *and* coupon to the address on the coupon. (Be *sure* to print your telephone number in the space provided on the coupon.)

Micky himself will judge every letter submitted, and he will select the *one* letter which in his judgment is the best written from the standpoint of warmth and sincerity.

That's *all* you have to do! After that, groovy-marvelous things begin to happen! Like —

FIRST, Micky will telephone you (because with a little bit of luck the prize-winning letter *could* be yours!) and have a nice, friendly chat with you — and just before he hangs up, Micky will give you his own unlisted home telephone number, so that you can call him whenever you wish!

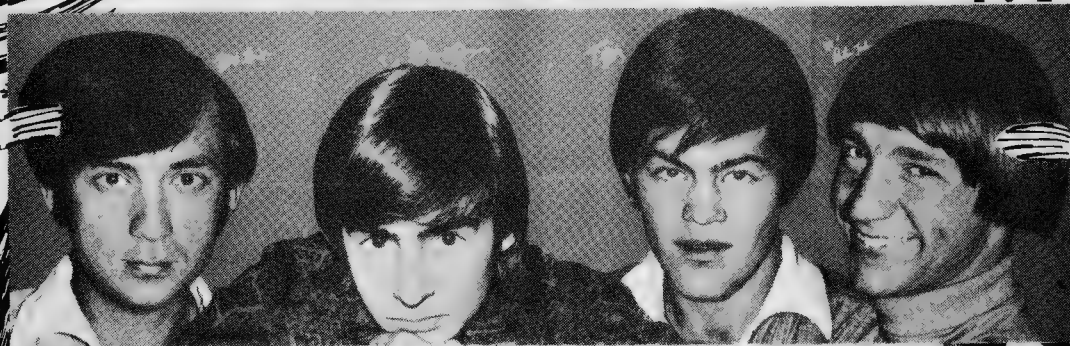
SECOND, Monkee Micky will send you a huge, autographed color pin-up of himself with a special message written on it *just to you*.

THIRD, Micky will send you a lovely surprise gift he selected *just for you* — with a special handwritten note to you to prove that he, Micky Dolenz, actually *did* select that gift for you and you alone.

FOURTH, 16 will award you a free full-year's subscription to 16 Magazine.

You just *can't* let this chance slip by! So, before you even turn the page, grab on to that pen, pencil or typewriter *now* — and get your letter off *today*!

BIGGEST MONKEES COLOR PIN-UP in the World!



WHATAGAS!

IT'S SUPER-NATURAL & ULTRA-WHOOSH!

Each individual Monkee LARGER-than-life, LOVELY-to-look-at, and irresistibly KISSABLE! Here they are — just for YOU and YOU ALONE (because you *can't* get this multi-gorgeous, totally exclusive, Monkee autographed, swinging 16-type, super-gigantic color poster of ALL FOUR of the Monkees *anywhere else in the whole wide universe!*).

Each and every adorable Monkee comes to you in living, breathing color — so true-to-life that you'll want to embrace them all in a great big bear hug! Pin up the poster on your bedroom wall where it will be the first thing you see when you wake up each morning — and go out to meet the day with a happy smile!

How can you get this breathtaking portrait of the Monkees? It couldn't be E-Zier! Just print your name and address on the coupon and cut out the coupon and send it together with a one-dollar bill (that's right — *only* one dollar!) to *Monkees Color Pin-Up Poster*, 16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. In just a few days this absolutely exclusive, one-of-a-kind Monkees poster will arrive at your home — and you'll be on Cloud Nine forever after!

Don't delay! Mail the coupon (and one dollar) *today!*

JUNE 1967

MONKEES COLOR PIN-UP POSTER

Please send me 16's MONKEE'S BIGGEST POSTER. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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SING-ALONG with the BEATLES!



STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER

(As recorded by The Beatles on Capitol Records)
(Lead singer, John Lennon)
(CHORUS)

Let me take you down 'cause I'm goin' to
Strawberry Fields.
Nothing is real,
And nothing to get hung about —
Strawberry Fields forever.

Living is easy with eyes closed,
Misunderstanding all you see.
It's getting hard to be someone,
But it all works out.
It doesn't matter much to me.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

No one I think is in my tree,
I mean, it must be high or low.
That is, you can't you know tune in,
But it's all right.
That is, I think it's not too bad.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Always know, sometimes think it's me,
But you know I know and it's a dream.
I think I know of thee — ah, yes,

But it's all wrong.
That is, I think I disagree.

Let me take you down 'cause I'm goin' to
Strawberry Fields.
Nothing is real,
And nothing to get hung about.
Strawberry Fields forever,
Strawberry Fields forever,
Strawberry Fields forever.

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Oxford St., London W.C. 1, England. Used by permis-
sion. Written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney)

PENNY LANE

(As recorded by The Beatles on Capitol Records)
(Lead singer, Paul McCartney)

Penny Lane, there is a barber
showing photographs,
Of every head he's had the pleasure to know,
And all the people that come and go,
Stop and say hello.
On the corner is a banker with a motor car.
The little children laugh at him
behind his back.
And the banker never wears a "mac",
In the pouring rain, very strange!

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
Wet beneath the blue suburban skies.
I sit and meanwhile back in —
Penny Lane, there is a fireman
with an hour glass,
And in his pocket is a portrait of the queen.
He likes to keep his fire engine clean.
It's a clean machine.

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
For a fish and finger pies,
In summer, meanwhile back —
Behind the shelter in the middle of a
round-a-bout,
A pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray.
And tho' she feels as is she's in a play,
She is anyway.
Penny Lane, the barber shaves another
customer.
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim.
And then the fireman rushes in,
From the pouring rain, very strange!

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes.
Wet beneath the blue suburban skies.
I sit and meanwhile back —
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes,
Wet beneath the blue suburban skies —
Penny Lane.

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Oxford St., London W.C. 1, England. Used by permis-
sion. Written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney)



5 ERRORS CONTEST

HOP onto this, me little hippies — 'tis none other than the Youngbloods (Joe, Jesse, Banana and Jerry), RCA's swinging new recording artists. If you don't believe it, pick up on their new LP *The Youngbloods*. But just a minute! What's happening here?!

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who can correctly identify all five errors, 16 will award \$10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Gloria Stavers, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners — so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away — and good luck!

RIGHT

WRONG



5 ERRORS CONTEST JUNE, 1967

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STREET.....

CITY..... ZIP CODE.....

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HERMANS HERMITS
16



GROUP CITY

BY GEEGEE

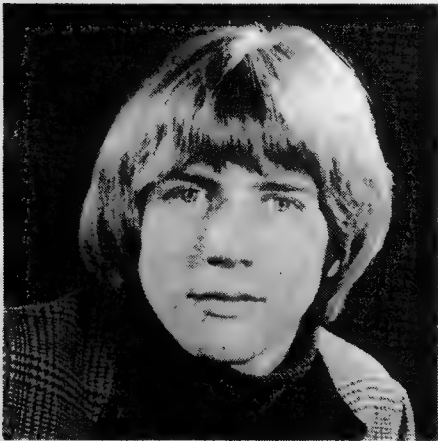
CONGRATS to the **Beatles**, **New Vaudeville Band** and the **Mamas & Papas** for being the only representatives of the young pop scene to get Grammy awards (they are the record industry equivalent to the Oscars of the movie industry) . . . **John Petersen**, former drummer for the **Beau Brummels**, is now with **Harper's Bizarre**. You can write to **John and Harper's Bizarre** in care of Cougar Productions, 916 Kearny Street, San Francisco, Calif. . . . **Stevie Winwood**, the 18-year-old super-talented lead vocalist for the **Spencer Davis** group has gone out on his own. He will compose and make

records as an individual artist . . . Keep a sharp ear out for the **Iron Butterfly**. This groovy group has a sound of its own that's gonna eclipse all the other cats on the scene. You'll be hearing more from them later . . . "Psychedelic, shmychedelic," say **Anthony and the Imperials**. "We've been turning people on with our music since 1958." 'Tis true, too. So don't miss their mind-blowin' new LP *Don't Tie Me Down* . . . **Eric Burden** and his **New Animals** debuted at Hunter College in New York City — and wiped everybody out. Welcome back, **Eric**!

Special salute to **Blackburn and Snow**. Don't miss their beautiful Verve single *Stranger In a Strange Land* — written by **Byrd David Crosby** . . . **The Byrds**, by the by, just returned from a super-successful tour of London and are getting ready to

make their first motion picture. **David** and **Mike** have grown mustaches, **McGuinn** has a new set of specs and **Chris** has the cutest head of curly hair I've ever seen (shades of **Shirley Temple**!). Now, all we need is a photograph . . . **Jeff Beck**, formerly of the **Yardbirds**, is being recorded by **Mickie Most** — who also cuts **Herman** and **Donovan**, to name two . . . Good vibrations from the **Peanut Butter Conspiracy**. They just signed with Columbia Records and their first single is *It's A Happening Thing*.

Before I close, I gotta tell you that I finally saw the **Mandala** at The Scene in New York. They were even greater than I expected. Also dug **Spanky & Our Gang** . . . My special pick for stardom this month is the adorable, talented **Five Americans**.



John Petersen



Eric



The Five Americans



The Iron Butterfly

Peanut Butters



Anthony, Imperials and friend

Blackburn and Snow



YOU

can have all the *TRUE* facts on the *TOP* teen stars
RIGHT at your very own finger tips!

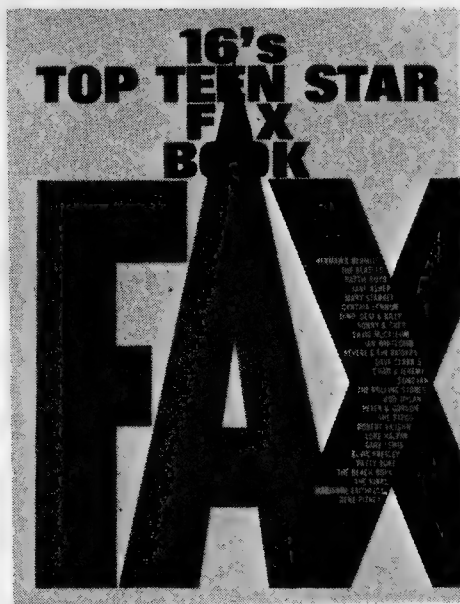
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THE BYRDS
THE ROLLING STONES
THE DAVE CLARK 5
THE BEACH BOYS
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EVERY STAR MENTIONED ABOVE!*

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TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK

JUNE 1967

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"MY THREE MONTHS WITH

Come along for the once-in-a-lifetime thrill of finding out exactly what it is like to have 1967's fantastic superstar — Davy Jones — spend three months as a guest in your home. Join young New York actor Jeff Neal — and share these fabulous experiences with him!



DAVID JONES" by JEFF NEAL

WHAT junior high student could think of such superfluous things as math, science, Latin and history — when all I knew was that at 2:30, when the final school bell rang, I would be going home to see David Jones at my house!?

I was an extremely lucky kid. I had known Davy since June 1963, when he and I met while we both were performing in *Oliver!* at the Imperial Theater in the Broadway area of New York City. Davy and I had become firm friends in those days — and, what's more, he had developed a deep attachment to my family. My mom and dad had returned David's affection, and he very often came to our house for dinner or weekends during the time we were in the show together. When I left the show, we remained "family friends". In fact, to this day Davy calls us "... my American family".

Anyway, back to my story. As I said, David had spent many hours and some weekends at my home — but he had never lived there. Now, he was coming to live with us. It was supposed to be for two weeks, but — well, that's getting ahead of my story.

What happened was this: David had been rushed to St. John's Hospital in Queens, New York, a week before for an emergency appendectomy. After the operation, his doctor had told him that he must have complete rest for at least two weeks. When mom and dad heard about this, they offered Davy the hospitality of our home, which he immediately accepted — much to my delight, for that meant that "my brother" — who is the funniest, warmest, happiest, most amusing guy in the world — was coming "home" for awhile. Unless you're an only child, you can't know what joy something like that can bring.

QUIET (?) TIMES

I ran all the way home from school that day (wouldn't you?) in hopes that I'd be there to greet Davy when he arrived. But Davy was ahead of me, as usual, and when I walked into the living room — he was sitting in the easy chair in his bathrobe and pajamas, grinning from ear to ear. "Hi, mate", he said. "Where are we going tonight? Let's have some *action!*"

That last demand, I might as well tell you, was David's favorite expression at the time, and it struck me as being pretty funny in view of the fact that he knew full well that he could not go *anywhere at all*.

After our usual warm hellos, and questions exchanged and answers given, Davy told me about his dramatic exit from the hospital. He had been there for about a week — just long enough for him to completely charm the entire staff of the floor he was on.

"It was a gas, Jeff", he told me. "Just as I got ready to leave, all the nurses — from the head nurse on down to the candy-strippers — lined up to kiss me goodbye." I don't have to tell you that David had quite a twinkle in his eye when he told me about that.

"I done me duty, mate", he continued — exaggerating his Manchester accent, "and I left all the ladies happy — I *hope*. My doctor and the interns were there, too, and I almost felt as though I was leaving yet another wonderful new family. But coming here is wonderful too — to me, it's like coming home. You're like family to me — you know that. Now, what's for dinner?"

What's-for-dinner turned out not to be David's favorite *what's*. Mom had talked to the doctor, and he had suggested that David stay on a fairly soft diet for a few more days. So we had chicken soup, chicken soup — and then some *more* chicken soup. But it was home-made and David loved it.

"Hey, Mim," he said after dinner, "that was the greatest! Now, where are the lamb chops?"

My mother laughed, and replied, "You'll get them in two more days — first, we have to finish that big pot of chicken soup on the stove!"

"GO GO" JONES

After dinner, I noticed the first sign of fatigue I had ever seen in David. Anybody else would have been ready for bed at that moment, but "Go Go" Jones was determined to be the

last one to close an eye in our house, even though he was still a recuperating patient. When we sat down to watch TV, I caught him yawning twice and nodding once — but I didn't say anything.

Speaking of TV, Davy is completely gone on Westerns, or anything with horses and lots of shooting in it. When somebody rides across the screen on a horse, it is like *Davy was really on the horse*. He bounces up and down, holds the reins and digs his heels into the side of the footstool right along with the old cowhand up there in the boob tube. As we sat watching — dialing from *Gunsmoke* to *Lawman* to *Rawhide* — it seemed like David was trying to make up for all those early-to-bed nights imposed on him by the hospital schedule.

I usually had to be in bed by nine o'clock, but I got special permission to stay up on that particularly wonderful night. At about eleven, Mom came in and said, "O.K., men, that's it."

Frankly, both of us could hardly keep our eyes open, but we managed to grumble and keep up a *front* as she escorted us both off to bed. Davy and I shared the same big double bed and, when our heads hit that pillow we did not have our usual who-can-get-the-last-word-in contest that normally went on half the night. We just slumped down, and Davy said, "O.K., kid, I'll get ya' tomorrow."

I smiled, and drifted off into *dreamsville*.

And so began the most fabulous three months of my life. Next month, I'm going to tell you about it all — minute-by-minute, day-by-day, and week-by-week! Davy and I will meet you right here in 16 in the July issue. The July issue goes on sale May 23, so reserve your copy now!

Jeff and Davy at Jeff's house — today.



"MY BEST FRIEND MIKE NESMITH"

BY JOHN LONDON



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John London, who is Mike Nesmith's best friend, was born in the little town of Bryan, Texas, 23 years ago. He is six feet and two inches tall, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. On The Monkees, he is Mike's stand-in; when the boys do concerts, he is Light Director; and at their recording sessions, he is a Session Leader. John, who is an excellent bass guitar player, lives in a bachelor apartment in North Hollywood, California.

FROM THE BEGINNING to the present, the story of Mike Nesmith's life as an entertainer and musician is an ironic and interesting one. It is *ironic* because at one time he was never supposed to have been able to use his right hand! This came about when he was injured when a firecracker exploded while he was holding it. This happened when Mike was 18. The firecracker was a big M-80. Mike lit it without noticing that it had a short fuse — and before he could let go of the firecracker, it had exploded in his hand, leaving what looked like a mangled mess. The doctor told Mike, "Unless you exercise your hand, it will become paralyzed and you will never be able to use it properly again."

Mike's life story is *interesting* because this is the event that led him to make the decision to teach himself to play guitar. If you believe in Destiny or Fate, she must have been acting at the time — for today Mike Nesmith is known as one of the top entertainers in the world. But we are getting ahead of our

Let's go back to the campus of San Antonio College in San Antonio, Texas, and pick up Mike in the uncertain days when Fame had not yet beckoned and only Destiny knew that Mike was to be a Monkee.

story. Let's go back to the time I first saw Mike on the campus of San Antonio College in San Antonio, Texas.

That was in the fall of 1963. Amid the roar and rush in the huge registration hall, Mike was walking leisurely from one table to the other, wearing an old T-shirt, blue jeans and sneakers — with his guitar slung over his back and that famous wool cap perched on his head. He wandered over to the *Speech And Radio* registration line, where I was standing. I noticed him because he was an "individual" surrounded by conservative people. I dug the fact that he had a guitar because I was an amateur musician. He made me curious. I wanted to meet him.

While Mike was waiting in line, he took his guitar from his back and started playing and singing some fabulous songs I had never heard before. In not time at all, a crowd gathered around him. While we all stood listening, I carefully scrutinized Mike. He had a Beatle-style haircut — and that was *long* before the Beatles invaded America. He had a nonchalant approach and gained instant rapport with his audience. At the end of his concert for the astonished and delighted *Speech And Radio* students, I went over to Mike and asked him where he got his material.

"Man, It's *all* just great," I told him.

"Well," Mike said softly, "I'm glad you think that, because all these songs here are songs I wrote myself."

I was amazed, but I didn't let on. I just asked him if we could meet later. "Maybe you could play some of the songs for me again. I might have a few musical suggestions you'd be interested in."

"O.K.," Mike said, and grinned.

Looking back now, I realize that right then we became instant friends. During the next few weeks we rehearsed every afternoon after classes. We were into a bag of our own. It had a slight Latin flavor, but would be classified today as "folk-rock".



John and Mike with their First Prize trophies after the talent contest.



Oh, well — you can't be serious all the time!

MIKE AND JOHN AT MAMA'S

Our first job at San Antonio was at the college and high school hangout. It was called *Mama's* and all the kids used to flock there after school to meet their friends and find out what was happening. They were attracted to our unique musical arrangements, but they were also fascinated by Mike's self-confident, cool way of handling the crowds that came in. I guess there's no way to explain it but to say that Robert Michael Nesmith was born with his own special brand of magnetism. There were two other factors that contributed to Mike's compelling on-stage manner. One was his Christian Science background. This had imbued him with pride in self-discipline and a unique *awareness* of himself and others. Two, he was his own private man; he was dependent on no one but himself. Such individuals are rare these days and everyone, including yours truly, finds extremely interesting to be around.

We were a smash at *Mama's* and the owners stood around with their eyes wide open while we captured the hearts of their teenage regulars. Mike would sing a song of sorrow, such as his composition *Pretty Little Princess*, and leave audience on the verge of tears. Then he would quickly swing into the humorous atmosphere of his upbeat tune, *Different Drum* — a song about a guy who was bound to go *roamin'*.

After our successful engagement at *Mama's*, we were invited to play at the San Antonio College annual talent show. After we accepted, we found out that we would be competing against the top rock groups in the city! We were nervous as cats right up until the time we went out on the stage. But once we were out there under the multi-colored lights, before an audience 3,000 strong, our fears subsided and, once again, Mike gained full control of the crowd with his professional air and his songs of meaningful lyrics. His country-grown humor and quick-witted tongue captured the audience completely, and after the show we were voted first place. Mike was amazed, but I was not. I felt that he had done it himself and that he deserved it. As Mike stood glowing and taking bows, I realized that this

was the *only* way he would ever be truly happy — entertaining people.

THE BOYS BRANCH OUT

Because of the enormous publicity we received from the talent show contest, we were constantly called upon to perform for shopping center openings, private parties and country club events. Mike tirelessly worked day and night setting up and arranging engagements, promoting new shopping centers by entertaining for them and successfully keeping up his academic studies during these extra-curricular activities. Mike was a Drama major and got straight A's in English, Drama, Radio and Speech.

After we had played most of the clubs and events in the city of San Antonio, we branched out to an inconspicuous club on the outskirts of town called The Rebel. Because of the previously poor response to entertainment there, Mike made an agreement with the owner that instead of taking a salary we would take half of the gate the owner made from the customers that came in to see our show. The inevitable happened — San Antonio lost half of its population to The Rebel from nine-to-one every night — not to mention that Mike and I managed to make a little money!

News of Mike's seemingly unlimited talents soon arrived at the Texas metropolis of Dallas, and within a short period of time we were invited to that city to play the PM Club and the Rubyait. What happened there was a repeat performance of what had already happened in San Antonio, but on a much larger scale. As it was already summertime, Mike and I spent the first few weeks of June in Dallas, where his mom and stepdad were living at the time. After numerous engagements at various clubs in Dallas, both of us were ready for a sunny vacation in California — neither of us aware of the fantastic events that were to follow shortly. But that's another story and I'm going to tell you all about it in the next issue of *16 Magazine*.

The July issue of 16 goes on sale May 23. Meet you back here then.



Me, right before the Big Fight.

MY TRUE LIFE STORY

OR THE HORRENDOUS DOWNFALL OF FAITHFUL **FANG** WHEN HE FOUGHT HIS **FIRST** AND **FINAL** FIGHT!

BY PHIL "FANG" VOLK

CHAPTER TWO

WHEN I LEFT YOU — breathless, of course — in the last issue, I had reached the point where I was about eight years old and I promised to tell you about my first big fight which took place on Mr. Wilson's front lawn on Lemay Place, Burbank, California.

It all started over a shovel. During class at Lemay Street Primary School that day, we were taken outdoors to be taught gardening. As the teacher opened up the tool shed, David — the school tough guy — and I reached for the same shovel at exactly the same moment. Since I was a little faster on the draw than big clumsy David, the teacher allowed as how, as I'd been the first one to touch the shovel, the shovel should be mine. Naturally, David felt differently — and what can only be described as a loud exchange of "second grade name calling" commenced. After that, we had a seizure of what I would call push-and-shove-the-shovel. This episode was followed by our agreeing to settle it all in a nose-to-nose fist fight after school that day. (Little did I know that David was an expert wrestler!)

Anyway, the 2:30 ding-dong rang and the whole school turned out on Mr. Wilson's front lawn for the big event. I stood there in my classical boxer's stance, ready for anything ol' David would dish out. His initial approach was to take a high dive at me and hit me real low — namely, around the ankles and knees. And suddenly there I was, flat on my face (for a *change*), chomping on a mouthful of Mr. Wilson's newly-moved lawn.

This case of assault and battery continued for half an hour before David decided to finish me off with a *super-double-inverted-triple-forget-about-it-Charlie-you're-finished-half-nelson-fire-rabbit-punch*. I stood there ready to see stars, cross the line into eternity — and meet my Maker. But I still had friends!

Just at the moment that David was winding up for the kill, my Cub Scout Troop suddenly appeared over the horizon — much like the Cavalry used to in those great double-feature Westerns we all grew up on! As I turned to wave, David struck — clobbering the side of my head and only *half* killing me instead of *completely* doing me in. Just as I hit Mr. Wilson's lawn (for what seemed to be the 100th time), Pack 405 arrived on the spot, picked me up and carried me off into the sunset. As my eyes rolled back into my head for one last upside-down look, I saw Mr. Wilson — scowling madly — dash out his door and turn on his lawn-sprinkler. Needless to say, the Lemay Street Primary School crowd, which had gathered there for the big fight, scattered quickly. And, I might add, that for all they *knew or cared* — *I very well might have been dead!*

Well, at this point I think it is best that we move on — but, as usual, I have run out of space. So you'll just have to show up here again next month, if you want to find out what happens to an eight-year-old city slicker like Phillip Edward Volk when he is suddenly transplanted to the isolated hills of Nampa, Idaho. It'll all be in the July issue of 16, which goes on sale May 23. See you then.

WOW! IT'S HERE!

FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD ♥♥



16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK

IT'S NEW! IT'S DIFFERENT! IT'S ONE-OF-A-KIND
—AND ONLY 16 MAGAZINE HAS IT!

16's *Secret Sweetheart Book* is a book you simply can't do without. Just get a load of the fab guys waiting for you inside:

PAUL McCARTNEY
PHIL "FANG" VOLK
HERMAN

MARK LINDSAY
DINO MARTIN, JR.
MICK JAGGER

And look at the other goodies you'll find when you turn the pages of this sensational new 16's *Secret Sweetheart Book*:

A GORGEOUS CLOSE-UP, KISSABLE, SIGNED PIN-UP PLUS FOUR HEART-MELTING, LOVABLE, NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN 16 SCOOP CANDIDS OF EACH STAR!

TEN ABSOLUTELY TOP-SECRET, SUPER-SECRET SECRETS ABOUT THESE SIX FAMOUS BACHELORS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN PRINTED ANYWHERE BEFORE!

THEIR PERSONAL HOME ADDRESSES!

A LOVE LETTER TO YOU IN THEIR VERY OWN HAND-WRITING AND—

A SURE-FIRE, FOOL-PROOF LIST OF THINGS YOU CAN DO TO BECOME THEIR FAVORITE SWEETHEART!

Can you believe it? All this fantastic TNT-dynamite wrapped in one package? Well, it's true. And it can all belong to you if you just fill in the coupon on this page, cut it out and mail it to the address on the coupon—together with a one-dollar bill.

If you buy only one book in your lifetime, let it be 16's *Secret Sweetheart Book*! You'll be ever so glad you did!



YOU NEVER DREAMED SUCH A
GROOVEY-GROOVEY BOOK

ABOUT TEEN STARDOM'S TOP
FAVORITE BACHELORS
COULD EXIST—

BUT HERE IT IS!



16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK

JUNE 1967

Please send me 16's *Secret Sweetheart Book*.
I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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My Life Story in Pix

CHAPTER TWO



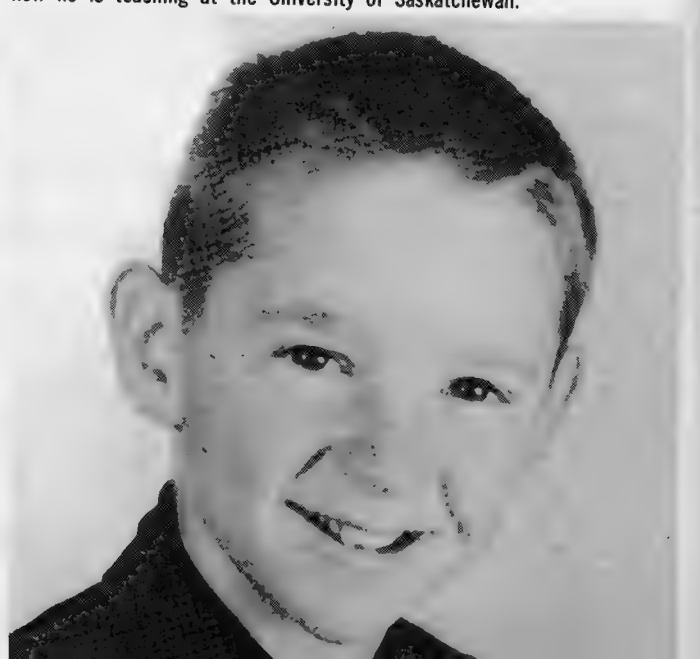
WELCOME BACK to My World, fellow Tork-ers! With camera in hand, let's wander back to my blissful childhood years while I reveal the bare — and I mean that literally — facts of my youth to you.

Ah, *Tarzan*! Back on the beach again. This was taken at seven, when my family spent the summer at Long Lake in the Adirondack Mountains of New York State. That pensive lady in the background is my mom Ginny.



Here I am at the tender age of six in my altogether, about to take a dip in Devil's Lake near Baraboo, Wisc. This was at a public beach, and Lord only knows what happened to my bathing trunks!

This is the way I looked when we moved into our first home in Mansfield Center, Conn. I was nine, and my father had become a teacher of Economics at the University of Connecticut. He still does the same thing, except that now he is teaching at the University of Saskatchewan.



by **PETER TORK**

Peter reveals the bare facts of his boyhood years beginning with the — uh — naked truth.



Here I am playing ball at the house in which we first lived in Mansfield. Looked like a regular Mickey Mantle, didn't I?



At ten, I got my first B-B gun. I scrimped and saved from my allowance and money I earned, and this was the first present I ever gave myself. Note the "pride of ownership" expressed on my face.



When I was ten, and Nicky was nine and a half, Dad took these two "identical" type pictures of us. We had just moved into our new home, Windward Hill. It is situated on 80 acres of Connecticut countryside, and we still own it.



— while a “happening” audience — Cyn Lennon, Astrid Kirschner (Beatle-buddy from Hamburg, Germany), Phyllis Nesmith, Mike Nesmith and Ringo Starr — groove among themselves!



The next day, on behalf of the Monkees, Mike received a Gold Disc for *I'm A Believer* — then he and Phyllis went off to Surrey to spend the weekend with their new friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Lennon!



The next Monkee to hit London was native Mancunian David Jones — who was met (along with his buddy, David Pearl) by 700 stampeding fans!



Just before the deluge, Davy innocently stops and gives an airport attendant his autograph. Seconds later he was immersed in screaming English teeny-boppers!



Locked in his suite in a London hotel for two days — literally to avoid causing mob scenes in the streets — Davy whiles away the hours “bombing” his tea cup with sugar cubes —



— and rolling about on the floor!



Before he is "smuggled" out of town, Davy gets to meet and greet his former TV "Grandma" of *Coronation Street*, Ena Sharples.



Safely "hid out" in Middleham, Yorkshire — Davy teaches David Pearl how to "pull a pint" in the local pub.



He reminds the "resident experts" that he's still got a good hand for throwing darts, too!



Peace and freedom at last! Davy rides English racing champ "Candid Picture" across the deserted moors.



Don't worry, me luvvies — I'm coming back. See ya' Monday night — same time, same station!



FRENCHY'S FREAKIES

Three more ultra-terrific, turned-on, tuned-in, extra-twinkie, trippy treatments of today's top teen faves — tastefully tinted by 16's talented teenager — Miss Frenchy Blanch.

P.S. Don't forget to write Frenchy at 16 and tell her which of your favorite stars you'd like to see her draw.



16 MEMO

Want to do us both a super-groovy favor? Well then, just fill in this questionnaire, slip it into an envelope and mail it to the address at the bottom of this page!

If you do, you'll be helping yourself as well as us — because your answers to the questions printed here will enable us to give you exactly the kind of 16 Magazine you ask for . . . with all your favorite stars featured in it! So — before you even turn the page — please pick up a pencil and write down your answers. Ta, luvvies!

NAME..... **AGE & BIRTHDAY**.....

ADDRESS..... **CITY**..... **STATE**.....

DO YOU HAVE DIFFICULTY GETTING "16" AT YOUR NEWSSTAND? ☐ YES ☐ NO
WHY? Sold Out ☐ Don't Carry It ☐

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS OF SUCH NEWSSTAND HERE:.....

DO YOU TAKE "16" TO SCHOOL? ☐ YES ☐ NO PRINT THE APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF FRIENDS YOU SHOW "16" TO:.....

WHAT FOUR ARTICLES DID YOU LIKE BEST IN THIS ISSUE OF "16"?

1.
2.
3.
4.

WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE IN "16"?

WHO AND WHICH ARE YOUR FAVORITES? (Check 4 Here)

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| ☐ COLOR PIN-UPS | ☐ CONTESTS | ☐ DREAMSVILLE |
| ☐ GEEGEE'S GOSSIP | ☐ MONKEES MAILBOX | ☐ FRENCHY'S FREAKIES |
| ☐ SING-ALONG | ☐ DEAR CHER... & SONNY | ☐ LA GATITA |

FAVORITE STARS AND SHOWS

MOVIE ACTOR.....	MOVIE ACTRESS.....
BOY TV STAR.....	GIRL TV STAR.....
BOY SINGER.....	GIRL SINGER.....
GROUPS (Name Four) 1.	DAY TV PROGRAM.....
2.	NIGHT TV PROGRAM.....
3.	TWO NEW FACES: 1.
4.	2.

WHAT DO YOU MOST WANT TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE STARS?.....

WHAT DON'T YOU LIKE ABOUT "16"?

Please tear out this questionnaire and mail it to:

"16'S MEMO"

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Now you can write a letter to your favorite Monkee — or to all four Monkees — and be sure that you will get a personal reply!



THE monkeE-mailbox

FLASH! Attention all 16 regulars! Presenting The Monkee-Mailbox — the only place in the world where you can write a letter to your favorite Monkee and be sure to get a personal answer. Here's a surprise for some of you lucky 16-ers who have written inquiries about the Monkees or sent personal letters to your fave in care of 16 Magazine:

Dear Davy,

I am enclosing a picture of myself that I want you to have. I watch your show every Monday and I think you and the other Monkees are fab. Please write back. I'll be glad to hear from you.

Tracy, Ann Holdren

Columbus, Ohio

58

• Dear Tracy,

Thank you for the picture. I think you are very, very cute. You asked for a reply, so here it is — you didn't ask me any questions! Next time you write, ask me something. O.K.?

DAVY

Dear Mike,

I saw a picture of you and Phyllis in *16* a couple of issues ago, and she had long blonde hair — then I saw your wedding pictures in the April issue, and she had short brown hair. What happened?

Falls Church, Va.

Kathleen Walsh

• Dear Kathleen,

I think you — being a female — could better answer that question than me. What does happen? All I know is you girls go into the beauty parlor one way and come out looking another way. In the case of Phyllis, I happen to like the way she looks now — with her long blonde hair — best. Hope you do too.

MIKE

Dear Micky,

After looking at all your groovy childhood pictures in 16 Magazine, I decided that you are either part Oriental or descended from an Eurasian background. What is your lineage?

Deb McAllister

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

• Dear Deb,

Take a deep breath and listen to all this! Between my mom and my late dad, I have inherited eleven different bloods including French, English, German, Armenian, Slavic, Austrian, Italian, Greek, Scottish, Eastern Indian and American Indian — the latter being of the Cheechasaw Tribe. But, when all is said and done, we are all Americans, no matter where we came from — and aren't you glad?

MICKY

Dear Peter,

How have you changed since becoming a Monkee? How come you and Micky never get to play any of the love scenes on TV? Davy always gets the girl.

Ginny Meacham

Cincinnati, Ohio

• Dear Ginny,

Basically, I have not changed very much since becoming a Monkee and being what the world calls a "success". I'm still very much like I was during the formative years when I worked in Greenwich Village. However, lately I've become more conscious about the wise handling of money and planning for the future. I also have a greater sense of responsibility than I used to have. I guess those things run concomitant with your level of achievement. As for Davy always getting the girl — well, Micky and I will get together and see what we can do about that on future TV shows (if you promise not to get jealous, that is).

PETER

Dear Davy,

I think your hair is getting too long. What are you planning to do with it?

Ellen Applebee

Los Angeles, Calif.

• Dear Ellen,

For a time I was thinking of wearing it in a queue, but while I was in England I got a Vidal Sassoon haircut, which means that my bangs are a little shorter and that there are little points of hair down in front of both of my ears (kinda like sidies, ya' know) — and Sassoon wacked off about two inches even all the way around. You'll see it on the show — and I hope you like it.

DAVY

Dear Micky,

What is your opinion of fans who think they're in love with you? Would you date a fan?

Susan Roth

Dublin, Calif.

• Dear Susan,

You may not believe this, but guys have intense crushes, just as young girls do, and they are no joke. If a fan tells me she loves me, I consider that love a precious gift. I'm not concerned with whether it fades or grows in the future. I am just honored to receive it with the same open spontaneity with which it is given. Yes, I would date a fan — and I have. By the way, what are you doing next Saturday night?

MICKY

Dear Micky, Davy, Peter and Mike,

I heard that you were going to play Shea Stadium in New York City on July 6. Is this true or false?

Susan Smith

Miami, Fla.

• Dear Susan,

Probably false. Here are our exact plans for summer concerts as of this press deadline: We will do about 30 concerts in towns and cities all over America. None of these concerts will be given in outdoor arenas. When we play New York City, we will probably appear in Madison Square Garden. At this moment, negotiations include the following towns: New York City, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Miami (hope we see you there, Susan), Dallas, Houston, Seattle and Denver. That means we still have 19 other cities to book. The entire itinerary, with dates, towns, arenas and box-office prices, will be printed in a future issue of 16, so don't you dare miss it — or we might miss seeing you when we are on our concert tour.

MICKY, DAVY, PETER and MIKE



That's all there's room for this month. If you want to write to us, either as a group or individually, send your letters to The Monkee-Mailbox, 16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10022. Then be sure to pick up all the future issues of 16 and look for your letter and our answers.



the LO-DOWN POR LA GATITA



Sweet Jim Valley

HARPO LEAVES RAIDERS!

Jim "Harpo" Valley — the happiest Raider and love's devout apostle — has recently made the most important decision of his young life. After spending exactly one fun-filled year with **Paul, Mark, Fang** and **Smitty** — **Harpo** decided to give up the Raider life and strike out on his own. As he put it in an exclusive phone call to *16's* editor and his good friend — **Gloria Stavers**, "I've loved every minute of working with **Paul Revere** and the **Raiders**. It's been a great year. I've learned so very much and made so very many wonderful friends — but now I feel that the time has come for me to go out on my own. Though I dig the **Raiders'** sound, my own compositions and style of singing are in a different sphere."

To cite an example, the name of **Harpo's** new music publishing company is Gentle Mind. The tunes he writes are more in the ethereal vein than the **Raiders'** style of rock and roll. To keep the record straight, **Harpo** added, "Please make sure everyone — especially my *16* friends — understands that my separation from the **Raiders** is completely amicable and that we are still the closest of friends. In the past I had occasionally thought of doing my own thing — and somehow the advent of my 22nd birthday on March 13, plus a series of other serendipitious events, sort of sparked the whole move off."

Harpo has written many beautiful and meaningful songs. They are songs that express his innermost feelings and deep convictions. They are songs about *love* and *understanding*. He has a profound longing to record these songs and present them to you.

Harpo's last gig with the **Raiders** was in Seattle, Washington, on March 21 — and though he'll always be the best of friends with his buddies **Paul, Mark, Smitty** and **Fang** — he is, at last, doing exactly what he wants to do. And that means that soon all you loyal **Jim Valley** lovers will be hearing the *fulfilled Jim Valley* singing his own songs on his own records. And remember — *he loves you*.



Chrissie and Steve

A *stupido* magazine printed that our fabulous **Fang** was going to leave the **Raiders** to become a movie actor. Needless to say, there's not a shred of truth to that! . . . Get ready for some *important* news covering a lot of the top British pop groups. Like the balloon — or is it the submarine? — is about to go POW! . . . "I hate him," **Chrissie Shrimpton** said succinctly of her old "buddy," **Mick Jagger**, at a recent press interview. Then she posed prettily with adorable **Steve Marriott** of the **Small Faces**.

Before the rumors start flying, I'm going to set the record straight here and now about **Davy Jones'** friendship with **Baker** twin **Jennifer**. **Jenny** and **Davy** have been pals for years. It is strictly a brother-sister relationship and NO ROMANCE! . . . Remember last month I told you that **Burt Ward** was dating **Kathy Kersh**? Well, **Burt's** divorce from **Bonney** was final on February 9, so he married **Kathy** in Las Vegas on February 25. What took him so long?

See ya' 'round the cattery!

Burt and Kathy





NEW pin-ups!

GIANT size!

FULL color!

Talk about 3 top names! Talk about pin-ups that all your gang will talk about! And they're all yours — in big beautiful living color — each pin-up 1½ feet high — **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your subscription of 12 issues of 16! By subscribing — instead of buying at a newsstand — you'll get your copy two weeks ahead of everybody who doesn't subscribe! But don't wait. Send this coupon with your \$3 right away! You'll have the jump on everyone!

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☐ NEW ☐ RENEWAL

JUNE 1967

I want to subscribe to 16 Magazine and get my copy two weeks ahead of everybody who waits to buy it at a newsstand. Please send me the next 12 issues AND please send me immediately the life-size color pin-ups absolutely free! I enclose \$3.00.

Please PRINT the following:

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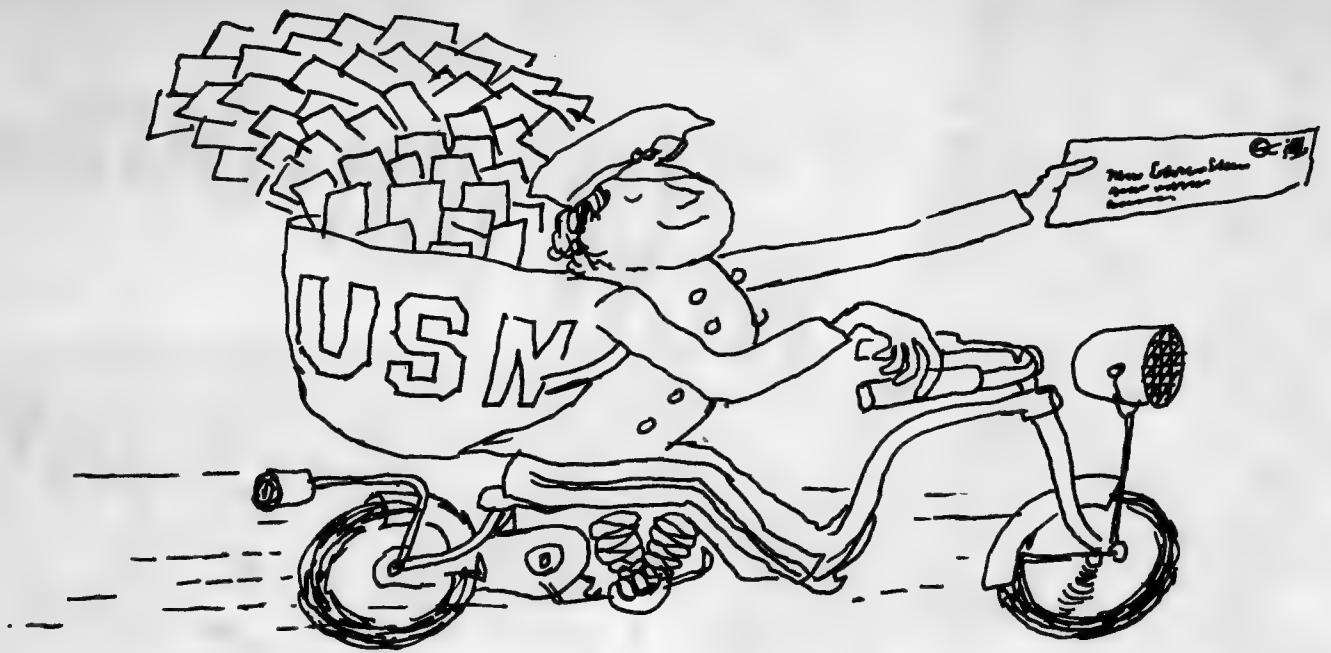
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YOU'RE TELLING ME!

FROM GLORIA STAVERS

I want to assure each and every one of you who have ever written a letter to me, at *16 Magazine*, that every single letter is read and that careful consideration is given to everything you write. I'm sure you understand that there isn't enough space in my magazine for me to publish every letter and that there simply isn't enough time for me to answer every letter personally. But please know that I'm deeply grateful to you for writing me and that I appreciate every suggestion and criticism you address to me. Write to me as follows; Miss Gloria Stavers, *16 Magazine*, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

LUV LETTER FROM MARK

Dear Gloria and *16*-ers,

Since it is so difficult to put into words my deep gratitude and sense of pride in

being chosen by you *all* as the first recipient of a *GeeGee Golden Galaxy Award* — I'll just say *thank you from the bottom of my heart*. I hope I prove worthy of this highest honor — and continue to deserve the faith you have in me.

MARK LINDSAY

Beverly Hills, Calif.

ALL ABOUT SWEETHEARTS

Dear Miss Stavers,

I can't tell you how thrilled I am to have *16's Secret Sweetheart Book!* It's just wonderful. I'll treasure it always!

Beth Meredith

Philadelphia, Pa.

• Dear Beth,

You're sweet. And I hope your enthusi-

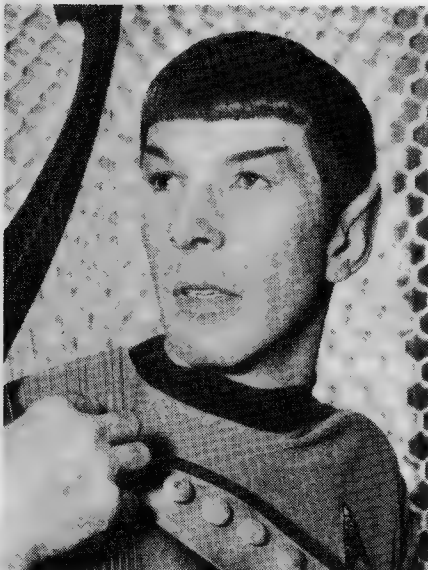
asm rubs off on other 16 regulars. How about it, everybody? See Page 51!

MR. SPOCK SPEAKS!

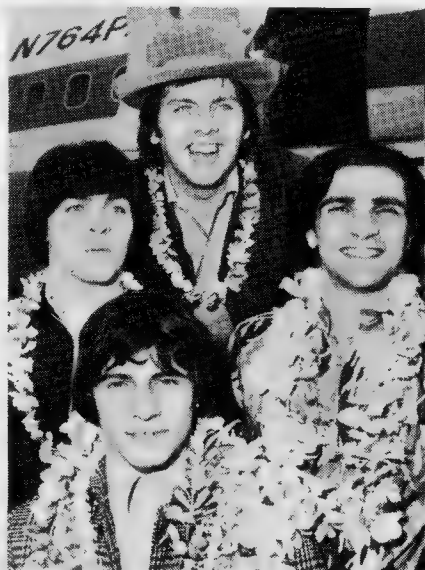
Dear Gloria and *16* regulars,

Hope you don't mind a correction. You ran the *wrong* address for me! Here is the right one: Leonard Nimoy, NBC-TV, 3000 West Alameda, Burbank, Calif. 91503. I personally pick up my mail there twice a week, so it is the very best place to reach me (and I personally answer each letter too!). Thought you might like to know that I just cut an LP on Dot Records. It's called *Leonard Nimoy Presents Mr. Spock With Music*. It features three recitations, three songs and four musical tracks from

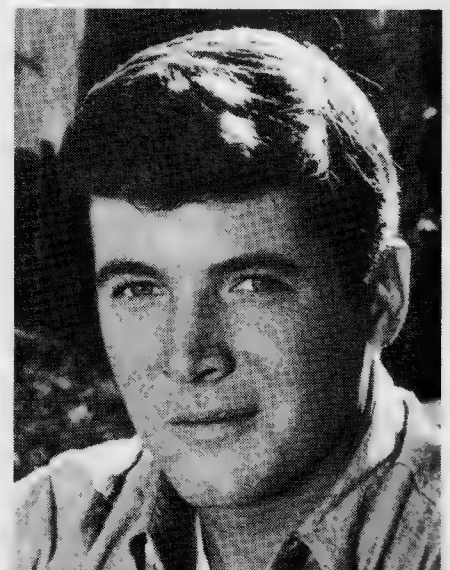
Leonard (Spock) Nimoy



The Rascals



Yale Summers



"outer space". It's on sale now and I hope you (as you Earthlings say) dig it.

LEONARD NIMOY

Burbank, Calif.

HOORAY FOR RASCALS!

Dear Miss Stavers,

We Islanders are completely wiped out by the bezazzling RASCALS! Where can I write to them?

Honolulu, Hawaii

Joyce Kalui

• Dear Joyce

Write to DINO, EDDIE, GENE and FELIX at Box 380, Planetarium Station, New York City 10024. Don't forget to put "I'm A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope — and you'll get special attention.

MONKEE POSTER LUVVER

Dear Miss Stavers,

I just received the fabulous Monkee Color Poster I ordered through 16 and — WOW! It's smashing! Thanks so Much!

Debby Pendrock

Pt. Huron, Mich.

• Dear Debby,

Glad to send you to MONKEE-heaven! Any other MONKEE-maniacs who want to get turned on to heaven, see Page 39.

RAVE ON RAT PATROL!

Dear Miss Stavers,

I am gone on those guys on RAT PATROL! Where can I write to them?

Cindy Vickers

Greenpoint, N.Y.

• Dear Cindy,

Write to LAWRENCE CASEY, CHRIS GEORGE and JUSTIN TARR at ABC-TV, Hollywood, Calif. For a fast response, put "I'm A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.

HERMAN DEFENDER

Dear Miss Stavers,

I'm surprised at the girl who wrote that

nasty letter about HERMAN in your April issue. HERMAN couldn't possibly be a drag — he's too lively. He's really the grooviest! Anyone who doesn't agree is super-stupid!

Victoria Hepeter

Virgil, Ill.

YALE IS ZINGED!

Dear Miss Stavers,

This letter is prompted by total amazement. One small picture and my address in 16 landed me in mail up to my ears! Since I'm stuck all day — every day — out in Africa U.S.A., where we film *Daktari*, I've been spending my spare time reading and answering your readers' letters, but there is so much that I am a little bit behind on it right now. So, will you explain that to your 16-ers for me and also thank them for their patience?

YALE SUMMERS

Culver City, Calif.

• Dear Yale,

Wow — thanks for your thanks. Just for that, I'm gonna run your address again! Hope you don't mind. Hey, kids — it's c/o *Daktari*, 10202 Washington Blvd., Culver City, Calif.

TICKLE TICKLE

Dear Miss Stavers,

I couldn't believe that I didn't know just about everything there was to know about my fave stars until I received my copy of your *Fax Book*. Was I ignorant? But I'm fine now — thanks to this fact-crammed book you sent me!

Karen Clothier

Dallas, Texas

• Dear Karen,

Tickled pink that you liked it. And if any of you other chicks want to tickle me too, see Page 45 and act!

ERIC & MARK FANATIC

Dear Miss Stavers,

When I went to see and hear ERIC

ATTENTION ALL SWINGING 16-ERS!

Ever have trouble getting 16 at your newsstand? Ever feel like having a fit when you find out the last copy has just been sold? Ever hear your girl friends tell you they can't find 16 in their neighborhood?

Well, you can help out and put an end to this ridiculous situation. Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it along with whatever else you are sending to 16. The problem will promptly be taken care of—and 16 will be oh, so grateful to YOU!

NEWSSTAND
NEEDING 16

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Mail coupon to:

"16" MAGAZINE

745 Fifth Ave. • New York 10022

ANDERSEN at his recent gig at the GoGo in Greenwich Village — I flipped! He's great, and his new single *Think About It* is outasite. While there, I saw MARK LINDSAY in the audience — how lucky can a girl get? Anyway, I met them both after the show and took a picture of them. Please print it, and please tell me where I can write to ERIC and MARK.

Johanna Schreiber

Bronx, N.Y.

• Dear Johanna,

Write to ERIC ANDERSEN at 150 W. 55th Street, Suite 1F, New York City, and to MARK LINDSAY at ABC-TV, c/o Action, ABC-TV Center, Hollywood, Calif.

Mark and Eric



Rat Patrol (Lawrence, Chris and Justin)





16's ALL-STAR BIRTHDAY & GIFT GUIDE

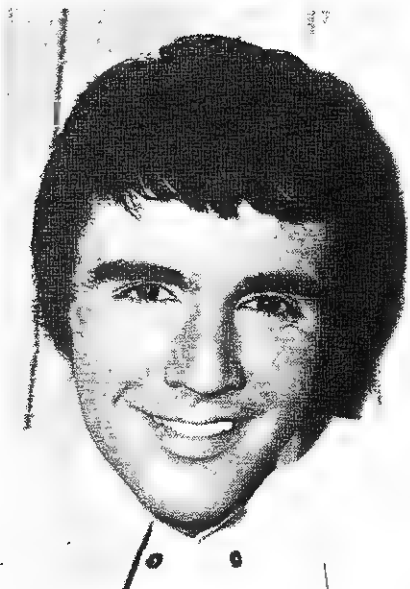
The month of May brings us two groovy Taurus people. When you send your cards and gifts to Lek and Cher, be sure to write "I Am A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope or wrapping!

DEREK "LEK" LECKENBY (HERMAN'S HERMITS): Birthday — May 14, 1945; hat — 7½; shirt — 15½-inch neck/34-sleeve (or Medium); sweater — 42 (or Large); shoe 9½B; socks — 11; ring — he never wears one; favorite color — blue; favorite gifts — lollipops and books of all kinds; address — c/o Herman's Hermits, 200 W. 57th Street, N.Y.C., N.Y.

CHER BONO (SONNY AND CHER): Birthday — May 20; hat — 21 inches; shirt — 14-inch neck/30-inch sleeve (or Men's Small); sweater — Small; shoe—7A; socks—9; ring—any size at all (she wears them on all fingers); favorite color—all the colors in the rainbow; favorite gift—rings of all shapes, sizes and design; address—c/o De Carlo-Kresky Ent., 8560 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Tune in next month for more of your favorite stars' birthdays, addresses and gift guides.

Dave Clark



Art Raz



DAVE CLARK 5-ER

Dear Miss Stavers,
What's shakin' with my fave group, the DC5?

Betsy Dolin
Chicago, Ill.

• Dear Betsy,
During March, the DC5 were on the Ed Sullivan Show, and then DAVE and MIKE SMITH did a 20-day nationwide promo tour for their wild single, You Got What It Takes. They have also just released a 15 minute film showing them singing their top hits — and that will be shown in major cities all over America this summer. The DC5 will start a tour of the States early in June (they will definitely do Chicago on June 18). Cities and dates will be announced in a later issue of 16. Meanwhile, you can write to DAVE and the boys at 200 West 57th Street, New York City.

HATES MICKY

Miss Stavers,
I won't call you "dear" again until you stop writing about that creepy MICKY DOLENZ! I can't stand him. He's just too yuck for words!

Hillary Green
Detroit, Mich.

• Dear Hillary,
That last sentence could apply to you, too, you know. Have you met MICKY? Has he ever done anything to you to deserve such harsh criticism? Are you giving him a fair chance? He'd give you one. I know him — and sweeter and cuter they don't come.

HOW TO GET OUTASITE

Dear Miss Stavers,
Thank you, thank you, thank you for sending me your Super Giant Pin-Ups! Super is hardly the word for them! They're outasite!

Lana Harrod
New Orleans, La.

• Dear Lana,
You're kind of outasite yourself. Anyone else want the same thrill? See Page 27!

LAVA LITE NUT

Dear Miss Stavers,
I've seen so many of the young stars with Lava Lites. I dig them. Where can I get one?

Patsy Benjamin
St. Louis, Mo.

• Dear Patsy,
If your local department, stationery or flower store does not carry Lava Lites, write to Lava Corp., 3166 Des Plaines Ave., Des Plaines, Ill., and they will tell you where to get one.

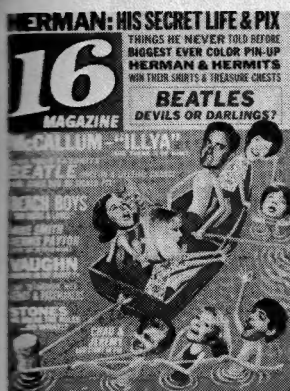
ART RAZ STRIKES AGAIN!

Dear Miss Stavers,
Are you kidding? You couldn't even see Smitty's pal ART RAZ in that last photo you printed of him. Will you please print a closer view of ART!

Kathy Brothers
Lexington, Ky.

• Dear Kathy,
O.K., doll. Here's a brand-new shot of ART that SMITTY himself took and gave to me!

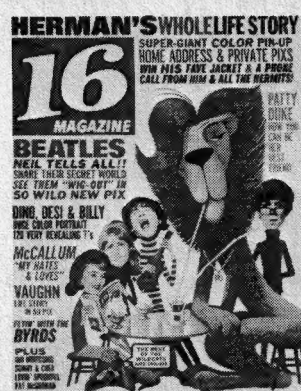
IS YOUR COLLECTION OF 16 COMPLETE? YOU MISSED PLENTY IF YOU MISSED ANY OF THESE BACK ISSUES! GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST!



In SEPT. 1965 issue you get Herman's Secret Life and Pix plus a color pin-up of him and Hermits; and fab features on McCallum, Beatles, Beach Boys, Stones, Chad & Jeremy, etc.!



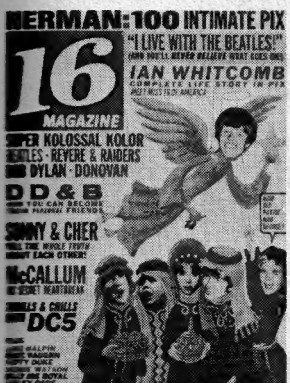
In OCT. 1965 issue you learn the truth about the Beatles' girls, Herman confesses his hates and luv's, Stones reveal 100 sizzling secrets, Chad and Jeremy answer 80 snoopy questions, etc., etc.!



In NOV. 1965 issue 'ermans WHOLE life story plus super giant pin-up of 'im! 50 wild pix of the Beatles. Color portrait (large) of D.D. & B. Fly with the Byrds! More, more like the most!



In DEC. 1965 issue Neil reveals red-hot secrets of the Beatles, Herman's Hermits tell all on each other, Sonny & Cher answer 100 's, Chris Jagger squeals on the Stones, and there are color pin-ups galore!



The JAN. 1966 issue has 100 pix of 'erman (intimate)! Super Kolossal Kolor of the Beatles, R. & Raiders, Dylan & Donovan! Sonny & Cher tell about each other! The secret heartache of McCallum plus much much more!



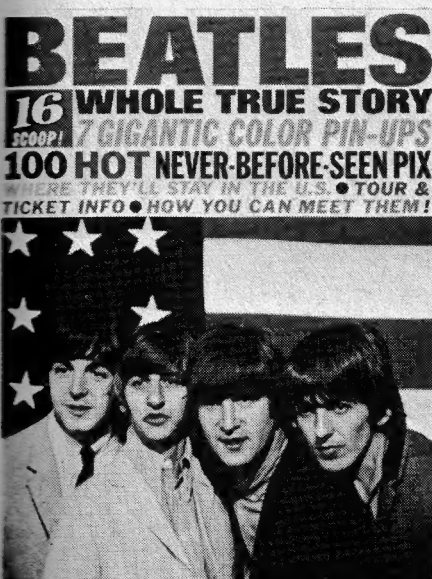
In FEB. 1966 issue you get the life story and 100 pix of Dino, Desi & Billy; McCallum's life story; an inside secret story on Sonny & Cher; huge color pin-ups and much, much more!



In MAR. 1966 issue are 50 wild pix and 50 secrets of the Beatles, color pin-ups of DD&B, Sonny & Cher, Elvis, Chris Jones, the DC5 answer 55 questions, and The Raiders tell on each other!



In Summer SPEC '66 you'll find bang-up features on the Beatles and Raiders, 7 signed color pin-ups of 7-top favorite stars, and outsize scoops on Stones, Sonny & Cher, Peter & Gordon, and a host of others!



Beatles Whole True Story is the full, complete story of the Fab Four: Paul, George, John & Ringo. You get 7 gigantic color pin-ups and 100 never-before-seen Beatle pix! Don't miss this one-of-a-kind Beatles book. There's nothing like it!



In Winter SPEC '67 you get 180 private pix and surprise fax on the Monkees and Raiders, 10 color pin-ups (Davy, Micky, Mike, Peter, Leyton, Mark, Fang, Harpo, Smitty, Paul)—also fab features on the Beatles, S & C, Herman's Hermits, D, D & B, McCallum etc.!

Please send me the magazines I have checked. I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH COPY.

JUNE 1967

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| September 1965 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| October 1965 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| November 1965 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| December 1965 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| January 1966 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| February 1966 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| March 1966 issue of "16" | ☐ |
| 16's Summer SPEC '66 | ☐ |
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ON SALE AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD
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★ FAN CLUBS ★ FAN CLUBS ★ FAN CLUBS ★

• Since so many readers wish to join or start fan clubs, here is a list of the national fan clubs of some of the top stars. A few stars have two (sometimes more) national clubs, and in due time we will list these. We will also list local chapters from time to time, and we suggest that fans in local areas con-

tact local club presidents about joining.

To start your own club, or to join a club in your area, write to any of the following national fan clubs for information.

**ENCLOSE A SELF-ADDRESSED
STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR A REPLY.**

If you wish your fan club to be listed, send us the complete data—name, address, and so on— together with a note of authorization from the recognized fan club O. K.-ing you. Or send a sample kit of what you will give members in exchange for dues.

When you write to any of these fan clubs, please put on your envelope: "I'm A 16 Reader."



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MONKEE CLUB
Box 88
Los Angeles, Calif. 90051
(Enclosed \$1.50 for Fab Kit)



**GENE PITNEY
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MICKY DOLENZ FAN CLUB
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Los Gatos, Calif. 95030



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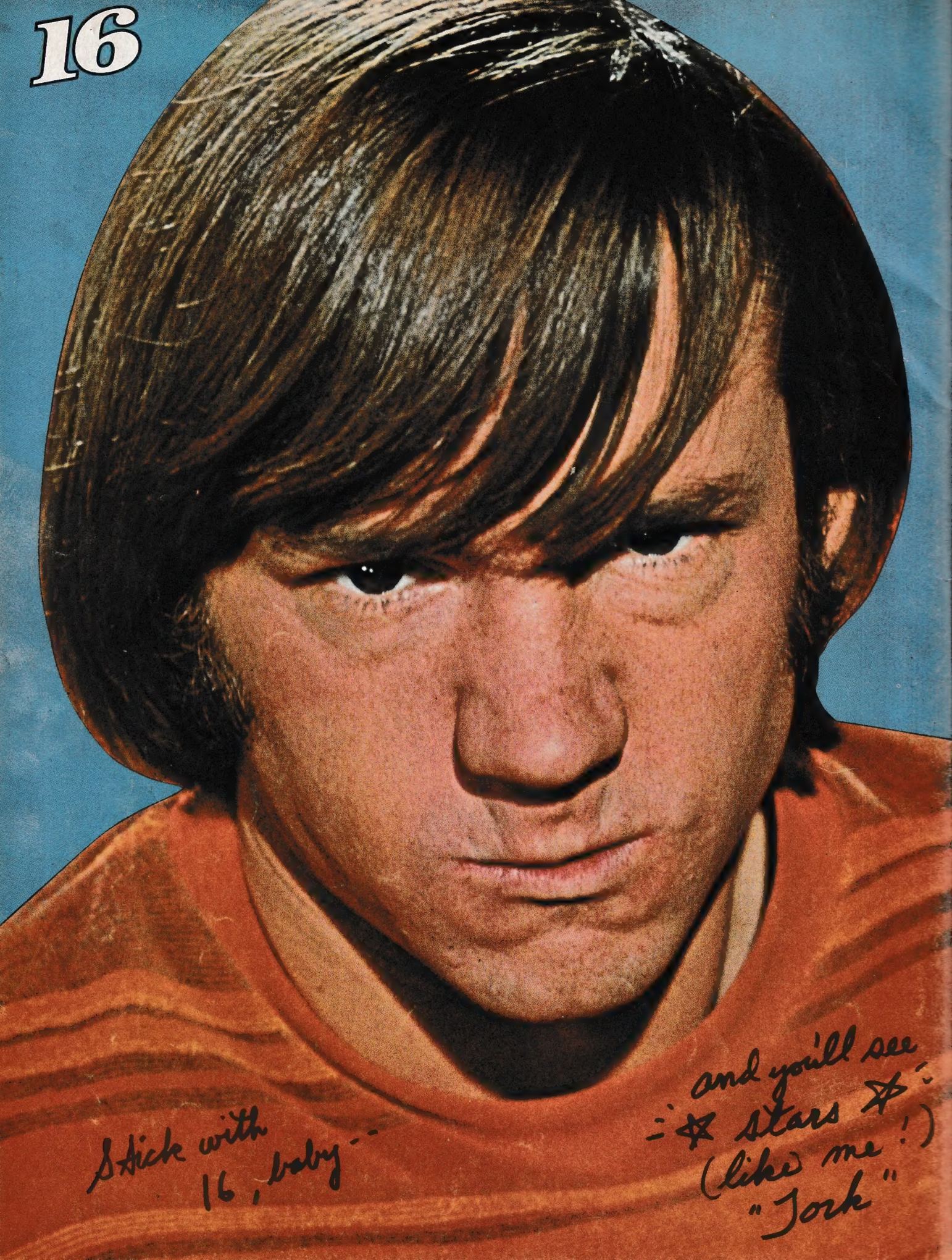
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16



for you...
Love
Mark Lindsay

16



Stick with
16, baby--

and you'll see
"Stars" (like me!)
"Jerk"